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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS



The New Brig of Ayr.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS
(SELF-INTERPRETING)

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTY ETCHINGS
AND WOOD CUTS, MAPS AND FACSIMILES

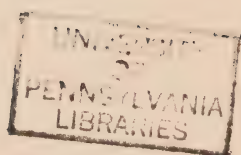


VOLUME II
PART I

PHILADELPHIA
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PREFACE

TO THE
SECOND OR EDINBURGH EDITION.

DEDICATION

TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :—

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honored protection; I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favors: that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favors: I was bred to the plough and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated, and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great fountain of honor, the Monarch of the universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favorite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party: and may social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats; and may domestic happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honor to be,
With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, }
April 4, 1787. }

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POEMS AND SONGS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The contents of the preceding volume brought the reader down to about the end of July 1786, when the poet was awaiting the appearance of the Kilmarnock Edition of his poems. Only one poetical piece in this second volume "The Farewell" commemorates that period of gloom. Dawn was nearer than he thought. Jean Armour's safe delivery of twin-children, on 3d September of that year, and the happy domestic arrangement that followed, helped to make matters flow more smoothly with the forlorn poet. On the following day, a poet of a different stamp, the venerable Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh, who was regarded as the centre of a literary circle in that city, wrote to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Lawrie, parish minister of Loudon, a letter which is supposed to have had considerable effect on the after career of Burns. Its subject was the wonderful volume of poetry that had issued from the Kilmarnock Press about five weeks previously, and which Dr. Lawrie had transmitted to Edinburgh to excite the blind bard's astonishment, and elicit his opinion of its contents. That letter concluded with an expression of the writer's regret that although another copy of Burns's poems had been "sought with diligence and ardor," it could not be procured because the whole impression was exhausted. "It were therefore," he added, "much to be wished, for the sake of the young man, that a second edition more numerous than the former could immediately be printed."

To this encouragement the publication of the Edinburgh Edition—chiefly—was due.

J. H.

NATURE'S LAW—A POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

(ALDINE ED., 1839.)

"Great Nature spoke ; observant man obey'd."—POPE.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
 The marks of *sturt* and strife ; *turmoil*
 And other poets sing of wars,
 The plagues of human life ;
 Shame *fa'* the fun ; wi' sword and gun *befall*
 To *slap* mankind like lumber ! *cut down*
 I sing his name, and nobler fame,
 Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
 "Go on, ye human race ;
 This lower world I you resign ;
 Be fruitful and increase.
 The liquid fire of strong desire
 I've pour'd it in each bosom ;
 Here, on this hand, does Mankind stand,
 And there, is Beauty's blossom."

The Hero of these artless strains,
 A lowly bard was he,
 Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains,
 With *meikle* mirth an' glee ; *much*
 Kind Nature's care had given his share
 Large, of the flaming current ;
 And, all devout, he never sought
 To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest
 Thrill, vital, thro' and thro' ;
 And sought a correspondent breast,
 To give obedience due :
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs,
 From mildews of abortion ;
 And lo ! the bard—a great reward—
 Has got a double portion ! *

Auld *cantie* Coil may count the day, frisky
 As annual it returns,
 The third of Libra's equal sway,
 That gave another B[urn]s,
 With future rhymes, an' other times,
 To emulate his sire ;
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
 With more poetic fire.

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,
 Look down with gracious eyes ;
 And bless auld Coila, large and long,
 With multiplying joys ;
 Lang may she stand to prop the land,
 The flow'r of ancient nations ;
 And B[urns]es spring, her fame to sing,
 To endless generations !

[This characteristic effusion celebrates a ruling quality in the soul of Burns, and reminds us of the epigram he afterwards inscribed on a window-pane of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries :—

“ I'm better pleased to make one more,
 Than be the death of twenty.”

The reference, in the last stanza but one, is to Robert Burns, junior, who was born on 3d September 1786.]

* Jean Armour begot the bard twins Sep. 3d 1786.—J. H.



THE BRIGS OF AYR :

A POEM.

Inscribed to JOHN BALLANTINE, Esq., Ayr.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
 Shall he—nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?

Or labor hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
 When Ballantine befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter *hap*, covering
 And *thack and rape* secure the toil-won thatch and rope
crap; crop

Potato *bings* are snuggèd up frae *skaith* heaps danger
 O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, *smoor'd* wi' brimstone smothered
reek: smoke

The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit *half-lang* tree: half-grown
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,

Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor—simplicity's reward!—
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's* wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where nor why:)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock† had number'd two,
And Wallace Tower‡ had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The *clanging sugh* of whistling wings is heard; ^{rushing}
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, ^{sound}
Swift as the gos‡ drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ith' flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—R. B.

† The two steeples.—R. B. The first was connected with the Old Jail, now removed, and the other was an antique erection in the High Street, now replaced by an elegant tower so named.

‡ The Gos-hawk, or Falcon.—R. B.

Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,*
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them). very d—s }
well know }
 'Auld Brig' appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face;
 He seem'd as he wi' 'Time had *warstl'd* lang, wrestled
 Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang. †
 'New Brig' was *buskit* in a *braw* new coat, dressed fine
 That he, at Lon'on, *frae ane* Adams ‡ got; from one
 In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head. §
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neibor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' *thieveless* sneer to see his modish mien, unconcealed
 He, down the water, *gies* him this gives
guid-een:— good-evening

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're *nae* no
sheepshank, small potatoes
 Ance ye were *streekit owre* frae bank to bank! stretched }
across }
 But *gin ye be* a brig as auld as me— by the time
 Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see— wager }
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll *wad* a *boddle,* penny }
 Some fewer *whigmaleeries* in your *noddle.* vain conceits }
brain }

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal! ye but show your little *mense,* civility
 Just much *about it* wi' your scanty sense: on par
 Will your poor, narrow, foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,

* Varieties of sprites. The fays are fairies; spunkies, *ignes fatui* or Will o' the Wisp; Kelpies, Water-spirits.—J. H.

† Toughly stubborn he withstood Time's heavy stroke.—J. H.

‡ Robert Adams, Esq., an eminent Scottish architect, resident in London, from whose designs this "New Brig" was erected 1786-88.—J. H.

§ Five lamp-posts with ornamented tops.—J. H.

Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonie brigs o' modern time?
 There's men of taste wou'd *tak* the Ducat stream,* take
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
 E'er they would grate their feelings *wr'* the view with
 O' *sic* an ugly, Gothic hulk as you. such

AULD BRIG.

Conceited *gowk*! puff'd up wi' windy pride! fool
 This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy *eild* I'm sair *forfairn*, old age worn
 I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless *cairn*! heap of stones
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil;
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpal † draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting *thowes*, thaws
 In mony a torrent down the *snaw-broo rowes*; snow-water }
rolls }
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring *spate*, flood
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, *a' to the gate*; all away
 And from Glenbuck, ‡ down to the Ratton-key, §
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—
 Then down ye'll hurl, (deil nor ye never rise!)
 And dash the *gumlie jaups* up to the pouring muddy }
splashes }
 skies!

A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!||

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—*R. B.*

†† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring visions, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—*R. B.*

‡ The source of the River Ayr.—*R. B.*

§ A small landing place above the large quay.—*R. B.*

|| This whole passage—penned ninety years ago—has turned out to be strikingly prophetic. The "New Brig," which was not yet "streekit owre frae bank to

NEW BRIG.

Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't,
 The L—d be thankit that we've *tint* the lost
gate o't! way of it

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices ;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves ;
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worship'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free ;
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea !
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast :
 Fit only for a *doited* monkish race, stupid
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or *cuijs* of later times, wha held the notion, blockheads
 That sullen gloom was stirling true devotion :
 Fancies that our *guid Brugh* denies protection,* good burgh
 And soon may they expire, unblest wi' resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient *yealings*, coevals
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a Bailie, provosts
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye *douce* Conveeners,† decent
 To whom our moderns are but *causey-cleaners*; scavengers

bank" when the poem was composed, has, on at least one occasion, been closed from all traffic, a threatening rent having been discovered in its masonry. On the other hand, the "Auld Brig" with its "poor narrow foot-path of a street," which for eighty years has been used for foot passengers only, has again been opened for wheel carriages, and may yet be "a brig," when its proud neighbor is "a shapeless cairn."

* A compliment to the "advanced liberalism" of the Ayr clergy.

† Deacons and Conveeners are trade or guild dignitaries.—J. H.

Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly *gie* your *hurdies* to the smiters ; ^{give } buttocks }}
 And (what would now be strange),* ye godly

Writers ;

lawyers

A' ye douce folk I've borne *aboon* the *broo*, ^{above flood}
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do ?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And, agonising, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base degenerate race !
 Nae langer rev'rend men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story ;
 Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
 Meet *owre* a pint, or in the Council-house ; ^{over}
 But *staumrel*, corky-headed, graceless Gentry, ^{half-witted}
 The *herryment* and ruin of the country ; ^{spoliation}
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your *weel-hain'd gear* on d—'d ^{well-saved } money }}
 new brigs and harbors !

NEW BRIG.

Now *hand* you there ! for faith ye've said enough, ^{hold}
 And *muckle mair* than ye can *mak to through*. ^{much more } prove }}
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right *kittle* : ^{crows ticklish}
 But, under favor o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal ;
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;

* A sly hit at the Ayr lawyers (writers) of Burns' Day.—J. H.

Men wha grew wise *priggin* owre hops an' huckstering
raisins,

Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins :
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had *shor'd* them with a glimmer of his lamp, guided
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clish-ma-claver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell ; but, all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright ;
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd :
'They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had M'Lauchlan,* *thairm*-inspiring sage, catgut
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear strathspeys† they bore with
Highland rage ;

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares ;
How would his Highland *lug* been nobler fir'd, ear
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.—*R. B.*

† A general term for cheerful Scottish dance-tunes, from Strathspey (or the Vale of the river Spey) in Inverness-shire. Originally the word meant dance-music for the bagpipe, but it is now applied to all Scottish tunes of this character.—*J. H.*

His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye;
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow:
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;*
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair;†
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode,‡
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of death:
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling
 wrath.

[The gentleman to whom the foregoing poem is inscribed, was one of those in the town of Ayr, who befriended Burns, at a somewhat later date than Mr. Aiken. There is no reference to him in the earliest edition of Burns's poems; but an important letter to him occurs in the poet's correspondence so early as the middle of April 1786. See Vol. I, p. 386. Mr. Ballantine, by profession a banker, was Dean of Guild at that period, and afterwards became Provost of Ayr. The erection of a new bridge, intended to supersede an ancient structure which was inconveniently narrow for traffic, was proceeding under his chief magistracy in the latter portion of 1786, and Burns, apparently taking a hint from Fergusson's "Dialogue between the *Plainstones* § and Causeway," composed his poem of "The

* A compliment to the warlike Montgomeries of Coilsfield. The Feal or Faile Water flows through the grounds behind the mansion, and joins the Ayr at Fealford.

† A compliment to Mrs. Stewart of Stair.

‡ Catrine is a manufacturing village near Mauchline on the Ayr. Professor Dugald Stewart dwelt in Catrine House the adjoining villa or mansion.—J. H.

§ The "Plainstones" of a Scotch town is the sidewalk on the principal street,

Brigs of Ayr," about the end of September. His main object was to swell the bulk of a second Ayrshire edition of his poems which was then proposed, but soon abandoned for the bolder project of publishing in Edinburgh. Another purpose served by this poem was to shew his gratitude to Mr. Ballantine in the same manner as had been done in the "Cotter's Saturday Night" toward Mr. Aiken.

The variations which we append to this note, are taken from an early copy, and the comparison shews that the author, when in Edinburgh, without altering the main design and the general effect of the poem, greatly improved some of its details.

Professor Walker seems to doubt Burns's capability of successfully carrying through any very long and elaborate work. He remarks that our author's opportunities of composition were "desultory and uncertain. When a favorite idea laid hold of his mind, he would cherish it till his heated imagination threw it off in verse; and when the paroxysm ceased, he was done with it." Mr. Walker illustrates his observation by instancing the present poem thus:—"It opens with a description to which nothing superior can be found in the records of poetry. The spirits of the Brigs then begin their controversy, which is no less admirable; but the altercation breaks off, and the poem makes a transition into a different strain. A train of allegorical beings are introduced in a dance upon the ice; and though this part contains some beautiful lines, yet it does not harmonize exactly with what follows, for had the poet foreseen that his group was to contain personages of so grave and dignified a character as Learning, Worth, and Peace, he would scarcely have engaged them in the violent and merry movements of a strathspey. This piece exhibits very plainly the *disjecta membra poetæ*, but it is surely deficient in unity of design."

("This brilliant satirical fiction," says Waddell, "is remarkable for three things: (1) The beauty of its impersonations, the vividness of its descriptions, the humor of its morals: (2) The considerable intermixture of the English idiom with the richest and most expressive Scotch; and (3) The singular fact that it finishes without an appropriate close, and dies away like a dream, in—nothing.—J. H.)

Mr. John Ballantine of Ayr lived a bachelor, and died at his villa of Castlehill, on 15th July 1812.

The variations found in the early draft of this poem are the following:—

After line 54 two lines were afterwards suppressed—

Or penitential pangs for former sins
Led him to rove by quondam Merran Din's.

where the more important citizens resort for their afternoon stroll and gossip. It is so-called from having been the earliest part in the town to be paved or made "plain."—J. H.

Lines 65 and 66 read

When lo! before our Bardie's wond'ring e'en
The Brigs of Ayr's twa sprites are seen.

After line 175 two lines are now suppressed,

That's ay a string auld doyted greybeards harp on,
A topic for their peevishness to carp on.

At line 184 the following important variation appears

Nae mair down street the council quorum waddles,
With wigs like mainsails on their logger noddles,
Nae difference but bulkiest or tallest,
With comfortable dullness in for ballast;
Nor shoals nor currents need a pilot's caution,
For, regularly slow, they only witness motion.
Men wha grew, &c.

LINES TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

(CUNNINGHAM'S ED., 1834.)

FAREWELL, dear friend! may gude luck hit you,

And 'mang her favorites admit you:

If e'er Detraction *shore* to *smit* you, threaten affect

May nane believe him,

And *ony* deil that thinks to get you, any

Good Lord, deceive him!

[The above forms the concluding part of a letter to the same friend to whom he addressed the lines at page 256, Vol. I. This letter was written from Kilmarnock, undated, but evidently early in August, when he was in that town in connection with the publication of his book, for he says:—"I have at last made my public appearance, and am solemnly inaugurated into the numerous class. Could I have got a carrier, you should have had a score of vouchers for my authorship."]

LINES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
 Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more,
 Who, distant, burns in flaming torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

[These lines appeared in Currie's first edition, but were, along with some other very interesting pieces, withdrawn in future editions of his work,—even Gilbert Burns omitting to restore them in 1820. The poet gave them a place in his MS. collection made for Captain Riddell, where we find the following heading and note attached:—"Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the first edition of my Poems, which I presented to an old sweetheart, then married.—'Twas the girl I mentioned in my letter to Dr. Moore, where I speak of taking the sun's altitude. Poor Peggy! Her husband is my old acquaintance, and a most worthy fellow. When I was taking leave of my Carrick relations, intending to go to the West Indies, when I took farewell of her, neither she nor I could speak a syllable. Her husband escorted me three miles on my road, and we both parted with tears." See pp. 3 and 50, Vol. I.]

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

(GILBERT BURNS' ED., 1820.)

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf, Woe be to !
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
 For lack o' thee I *scrimp* my glass : *stint*

I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, through thy curst restriction :
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil ;
 And for thy potence vainly wished,
 To crush the villain in the dust :
 For lack o' thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.

KYLE.

[The note is for one pound of the Bank of Scotland's issue, 1st March 1780. Internal evidence shows that the lines were written about August 1786, when he contemplated leaving Scotland. So far as appears, they were first printed, in the "Morning Chronicle" of 27th May 1814, from which they were transferred to the "Scots Magazine" for September of same year. The original had come into the hands of Mr. James F. Gracie banker in Dumfries, who recognizing the handwriting kept it as a curiosity. Both the handwriting and the composition attest its genuineness as a production of Burns.]

STANZAS ON *NAETHING*.

nothing

EXTEMPORE EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

(ALEX. SMITH'S ED., 1865.)

To you, sir, this summons I've sent,
 Pray, whip till the *pownie* is *fraething* ; ^{pony}
 But if you demand what I want, ^{frothing}
 I honestly answer you—naething.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
 For idly just living and breathing,
 While people of every degree
 Are busy employed about—naething.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
And *grumble* his *hurdies* their *grudge* buttocks
claithing, clothing
He'll find, when the balance is cast,
He's *gane* to the devil for—naething. gone

The courtier cringes and bows,
Ambition has likewise its plaything ;
A coronet beams on his brows ;
And what is a coronet ?—naething.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal *graithing*;
But every good fellow will own
The quarrel is a' about—naething.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his *bonie bit* gay thing ; pretty little
But marriage will soon let him know
He's gotten—a *buskit-up* naething. dressed-up

The Poet may jingle and rhyme,
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,
He's kindly rewarded wi'—naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a heathen ;
But collar him fast, I'll engage,
You'll find that his courage is—naething.

Last night wi' a feminine *whig**
A poet she couldna put faith in ;
But soon we grew lovingly *big*, close friends
I taught her, her terrors were naething.

* Whig was the nickname originally applied to the Ayrshire Cameronians in derision of their whig- or whey-colored complexions. Later it was transferred

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
 But charmingly tickled *wi' ae* thing; with one
 Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
 And kissed her, and promised her—naething.

The priest anathèmas may threat—
 Predicament, sir, that we're *baith* in; * both
 But when honor's reveillé is beat,
 The holy artillery's naething.

And now I must mount on the wave—
 My voyage perhaps there is death in;
 But what is a watery grave?
 The drowning a Poet is naething.

And now, as grim death's in my thought,
 To you, sir, I make this bequeathing;
 My service as long as ye've ought,
 And my friendship, by God, when ye've naething.

[This piece was recorded by the author in the collection of unpublished poems made by him for his friend Riddell of Glenriddell. Alexander Smith obtained it in one of the many manuscript scroll books of the poet which Dr. Currie declined to make use of in compiling his edition and biography. It is supposed to have been presented by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop sometime in the year 1788. It seems to have passed through several hands, and at each remove to have been denuded of some of its pages. In a tattered condition it came at last into the hands of Mr. Macmillan, the London publisher of Smith's edition of Burns. That editor remarks that "the last stanza is almost identical in thought and expression with the closing lines of the well-known Dedication to Gavin Hamilton." That last stanza, together with the one immediately preceding, fixes the date of this characteristic effusion as about August 1786.]

to the Seceders or first dissenters from the Established Church, on account of their assumption of superior sanctity. It is in this latter sense Burns uses the word here. She was a lady of very severe virtue.—J. H.

* Both were in trouble with their Session, but for different reasons.—J. H.

THE FAREWELL.

(REV. H. PAUL'S ED., 1819.)

The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
 To helpless children,—then, Oh then he feels
 The point of misery festering in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortunes like a coward:
 Such, such am I!—undone!

THOMSON'S Edward and Eleanor.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains,
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's heart-rending throe!
 Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
 Of my paternal care,
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share!
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 O then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart;
 From thee, my Jeany, must I part!
 Thou, weeping, answ'rest—'No!'
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace,
 I for thy sake must go!
 Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu:
 I, with a much-indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you!

All-hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore !
 It rustles, and whistles
 I'll never see thee more !

[The author's painful anticipation of "Jean's heart-rending throe" in this effusion, seems to prove that it was composed prior to 3rd September 1786, at which date she was delivered of twins, a boy and a girl. It is observable in the poet's correspondence and other productions after that event, that he seems less disposed to carry out his resolution to go abroad. The admiration everywhere expressed for the lately published poems, began to throw a lustre on the name of Burns, and to point his way to a better fate than exile in a torrid clime. The birth of these children, and the improved prospects of the bard, inclined old Mr. Armour to come to honorable terms with him. It was agreed that the Mossiel family should adopt the boy, while Jean herself took charge of the girl, thus dividing the burden of maintenance between both parties.

A letter penned by Burns to Robert Muir shortly after the event, indicates the pleasant turn which matters had taken:—"You will have heard that Armour has repaid me double. A very fine boy and girl have awakened a thought and feelings that thrill, some with tender pleasure, and some with foreboding anguish, through my soul.

"I believe all hopes of staying at home will be abortive, but more of this when, in the latter part of next week, we shall meet."]

THE CALF.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

To the Rev. JAMES STEVEN, on his text, MALACHI, ch. iv. vers. 2. "And ye shall go forth, and grow up, as CALVES of the stall."

RIGHT, sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
 Tho' heretics may laugh ;
 For instance, there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an *unco calf*.

uncommon

And should some patron be so kind,
 As bless you wi' a kirk,*
 I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find,
 Ye're still as great a *stirk*. young steer

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour,
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
 You e'er should be a *stot*! bullock

Tho', when some kind connubial dear
 Your but-an'-ben † adorns,
 The like has been that—you may wear
 A noble head of *horns*.

And, in your *lug*, most reverend James, ear
 To hear you roar and *rowte*, bellow
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank among the *nowte*. nolts or black cattle

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 With justice they may mark your head—
 "Here lies a famous *bullock*!"

[The eventful Sunday, 3d September 1786, which produced the poet's twins towards evening, brought forth this effusion at the morning service in Mauchline kirk. Burns had called upon Mr. Gavin Hamilton in his way thither, expecting his friend might be going there too. Mr. Hamilton declined going, but requested the poet to bring him a note of the discourse in not fewer than four stanzas of rhyme. A bet was made between them on the point, and accordingly Burns presented four of the above verses to Hamilton immediately after forenoon service. Dr. Mackenzie happened to look in at Mr. Hamilton's at the same time, and was so tickled with the performance that he extracted from the

* See Note on patronage and patrons at "Twa Dogs," page 207, Vol. I.

† See Note on "The Vision," page 234, Vol. I.

poet a promise of a copy, which reached him on the evening of same day. That copy, with two extra verses (the fourth and sixth of the text), is now in possession of his son, John Whitefoord Mackenzie, Esq., Edinburgh, by whose kindness we are enabled to publish a note from Burns which accompanied the poem.

The Rev. James Steven, a native of Kilmarnock, was at this time the young assistant of the Rev. Robert Dow, of Ardrossan. On the present occasion he merely interchanged pulpits with Mr. Auld. In 1787 he was called to London (Crown Court Chapel), and in 1803 was presented to the parochial charge of Kilwinning. He obtained the degree of D. D., and died in 1817. His second son, Charles, became minister of Stewarton.]

(The cause assigned for the caustic severity of the piece is the ostentatious style and manner of the young preacher. Waddell says that in Burns's own edition the text was misquoted, *they* being substituted for *ye* in the text.—J. H.)

SONG—WILLIE CHALMERS.

(LOCKHART'S LIFE OF BURNS, 1829.)

Mr. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows:—

Wi' *braw* new *branks* in *mickle* pride, ^{fine} ^{bridle} }
 And eke a *braw* new *brechan*, ^{much} }
 My Pegasus I'm got astride, ^{horse-collar}
 And up Parnassus *pechin*; ^{panting}
 Whiles *owre* a bush wi' downward crush, ^{over}
 The *doited* *beastie* stammers; ^{crazed animal}
 Then up he gets, and off he sets,
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that *weel* *kenn'd* name ^{well-} }
 May cost a pair o' blushes; ^{known} }
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm urgèd wishes.

Your bonie face, sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamors,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Tho' *wair'd* on Willie Chalmers. spent

Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,
 And Honor safely back her;
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak her:
 And *sic* twa love-inspiring een such
 Might fire even holy palmers;
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you *shore* put in your way
 Some *mim-mou'd*, *pouther'd* priestie, affectedly
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, prim,
 And *band upon his breastie*:* powdered
 But oh! what signifies to you puffed up
 His lexicons and grammars;
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', *glowrin* countra *laird* stupidly staring }
land-owner }
 May *warsle* for your favor;
 May *claw* his *lug*, and *straik* his beard, wrestle
 And *hoast* up some palaver: scratch ear }
stroke }
 My bonie maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers, such
 Seek heaven for help, and *barefit skelp* barefooted }
skip }
 Awa wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom,

* The band worn by a Presbyterian minister after he has got a charge. Mere preachers cannot wear the band, so the supposed "priestie" is proud of being "a placed minister."—J. H.

Inspires my Muse to <i>gie</i> 'm his dues,	give him
For deil a hair I roose him.*	
May powers <i>abooun</i> unite you soon,	above
And fructify your amours,	
And every year come in <i>mair</i> dear	more
To you and Willie Chalmers.	

[This curious piece was obtained by Mr. Lockhart from Lady Harriet Don, with the explanation as above prefixed, in the poet's own words. His model for the versification was an old Scottish lyric, entitled "Omnia vincit Amor," which will be found in the "Tea Table Miscellany," and also in Johnson's *Museum*.

The reader will afterwards see an interesting letter, which was addressed by the poet to "Willie Chalmers" from Edinburgh, shortly after his arrival there. He was a writer and notary public in Ayr, who executed the notarial intimation of the poet's assignation in favor of Gilbert Burns, on 24th July 1786. He was also commissioned under a mock mandate, dated 20th November thereafter, to superintend the public burning of a certain "nefarious, abominable, and wicked song or ballad" enclosed to him by Burns, just before leaving Ayrshire for Edinburgh.

Lady Harriet Don was sister of the poet's patron Lord Glencairn. She first met him during his Border tour on 12th May 1787, and his remark is—"Dine with Sir Alexander Don, a pretty clever fellow, but far from being a match for his divine lady."]

REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE RECEIVED FROM A TAILOR.

(STEWART AND MEIKLE'S TRACTS, 1799.)

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,	
To thresh my back at <i>sic</i> a pitch?	such
Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your <i>natch</i> ,	grip
Your bodkin's <i>bauld</i> ;	bold
I dinna suffer half sae much	
Frae Daddie Auld.†	

* Not a hairbreadth do I over-praise him.—J. H.

† When before the Session. See Vol. I. p. 67.

What tho' at times, when I grow *crouse*, courageous
 I gie their *wames* a random *pouse*, bellies push
 Is that enough for you to *souse* sauce
 Your servant *sae*? so
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse, go
 An' *jag-the-flae*! stick-the-flea

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrocht 'mang the lasses sic mischief wrought
 As fill'd his after-life wi' grief,
 An' bluidy *rants*,* disturbances
 An yet he's rank'd amang the chief
 O' lang-syne *saunts*. saints

And maybe, 'Tam, for a' my *cants*, tricks
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken *rants*, sprees
 I'll gie auld cloven Clootie's† haunts give
 An *unco* slip yet, unexpected
 An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's‡ hip yet!

But, *fegs*! the Session says I *maun* faith must
Gae fa' upo' anither plan go fall
 Than *garrin* lasses coup the *cran*,§ making head
 Clean heels owre body,
 An' sairly *thole* their mother's ban endure
 Afore the *howdy*. midwife

This leads me on to tell for sport,
 How I did wi' the Session *sort*; get along
 Auld Clinkum,|| at the inner port,
 Cried three times, "Robin!

* In allusion to the troubles David had with Absalom.—J. H.

† The D—l, so called from his cloven hoofs.—J. H.

‡ King David's. Burns was fond of likening himself to the poet King of Israel.
 —J. H.

§ Making girls have children.—J. H.

|| Old Clinkumbell. He acted as bell-ringer and beadle, and, in his latter capacity, it was his duty to summon culprits before the Session.—J. H.

Come hither lad, and answer for't,
Ye're blam'd for jobbin' !"

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, with difficulty
An' *snoov'd* awa' before the Session : moved demurely
I made an open, fair confession—
I scorned to lee,
An syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me. rebuked

A fornicator-*lown* he call'd me, rascal
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me ;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
" But, what the matter ?
(*Quo'* I) I fear unless ye *geld* me, quothe castrate
I'll ne'er be better !"

" Geld you ! (*quo'* he) *an' what for no ?* and why not
If that your right hand, leg, or toe
Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff—an' what for no ?—
Your dearest member !"

" Na, na, (*quo'* I,) I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis *ca't* ; called
I'd rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty *flewit*, castigation
As *sair owre* hip as ye can draw 't, sore over
Tho' I should rue it."

" Or, *gin* ye like to end the bother, it
To please us a'—I've just *ae ither*— one other (proposal)
When next wi' yon lass I *forgather*, meet
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her 't *a' thegither*, altogether
An' let her guide it."

But, sir, this pleas'd them *warst of a'*, worst of all
An' therefore, 'Tam, when that I saw,
I said "Gude night," *an' cam' awa'*, and came off
An' left the Session ;
I saw they were resolvèd a'
On my oppression.

[This rich performance (of its kind) has been reprinted, in a more or less complete form, in most of the standard editions of Burns's poems, since it first appeared. The Aldine, which gave it unmutilated, remarks that Cunningham "very decorously omitted the last five stanzas." As we do not approve of presenting an author's production in a garbled state, we prefer giving this piece entire, rather than to omit it altogether. We come to this conclusion the more readily, that we may have an opportunity of recording our dissent from a certain class of the poet's annotators, who affect to disbelieve that he had any hand in its composition.]

The person to whom it is addressed was Thomas Walker, a tailor resident at Pool, near the village of Ochiltree. He was in terms of intimacy with William Simson, the parish schoolmaster there, to whom Burns addressed the poetical Epistle given at page 115 Vol. I. The tailor was rather an eccentric character, and could string rhymes together as fluently, if not so much to the point, as could his friend the Latin Schoolmaster. Having seen Burns's epistle to Simson, which was extracted from the poet of Mossgiel by way of reply to a complimentary letter addressed to him by the dominie, Walker conceived that he might experience the same good-fortune by sending the poet a brotherly epistle. Accordingly he composed and strung together a dreary performance of twenty-six stanzas, in Burns's favorite measure, and despatched it to Mossgiel by a secure hand. Here is a sample of the contents, taken from Tom's own recorded copy in his MS. collection :—

“Had I a night o’ thee or twa,
An’ guid tobacco for to blaw,
Altho’ it was baith frost and snaw,
I wadna weary;
The crack thou could sae brawly ca’,
An’ keep me cheery.

Or could we meet some Mauchline Fair—
I sometimes tak a bottle there—
Thou'd be as welcome to a share
As thou could'st be ;
Wae worth the purse that wadna spare
A drink to thee !”

As may well be conjectured, Burns was not to be caught by such bait as this: by and by, however, the publication of the Kilmarnock volume, seemed, in Tom's eyes, a fair opportunity for renewing the attempt to extract a reply from the poet. He changed his tactics, however, and tried the experiment of rousing the poet by assuming the character of a moral censor. He fortunately exhibited his performance to Simson before despatching it, by whose advice the epistle was reduced in extent from twenty-one to ten stanzas. This required some re-arrangement and alterations, which the schoolmaster managed with so much skill, that it has been suggested that Burns himself may have been the author of the "Trimming epistle" as well as the reply to it. Walker's second performance is also extant, in his own manuscript, and on comparing the original with the "Epistle from a Tailor," as printed by Stewart, the conviction is forced upon us that Simson had as much to do with its composition as Walker had. We print it entire.

EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR.

THOMAS WALKER, OCHILTREE, TO ROBERT BURNS.

What <i>waefu'</i> news is this I hear,	woeful
<i>Frae</i> greeting I can scarce forbear,	from weeping
Folk tells me, ye're <i>gawn aff</i> this year,	going off
<i>Out o'er</i> the sea,	away across
And lasses wham ye lo'e sae dear	
Will greet for thee.	

Weel <i>wad</i> I like <i>war</i> ye to stay,	would	were
But Robin, since ye will away,		
I hae a word yet mair to say,		
And maybe twa;		
May He protect us night and day,		
That made us a'.		

Whar thou art <i>gaun</i> , keep mind <i>frae</i> me,	going
Seek him to bear thee companie,	
And, Robin, whan ye come to dee,	
Ye'll <i>won aboon</i> ,	get above
And live at peace and unity	
<i>Ayont</i> the moon.	beyond

Some tell me, Rab, ye dinna fear	
To get a wean, and curse and swear,	
I'm <i>unco wae</i> , my lad, to hear	very sorry
O' <i>sic</i> a trade,	such
Could I persuade ye to forbear,	
I <i>wad</i> be glad.	would

Fu' weel ye ken ye'll gang to hell,	
<i>Gin</i> ye persist in doing ill—	if
Waes me! ye're <i>hurlin'</i> down the hill	riding
Withouten dread,	
And ye'll get leave to swear your fill	
After ye're dead.	

There *walth* o' women ye'll get near, plenty
 But gettin' weans ye will forbear,
 Ye'll never say, my bonnie dear,
 Come, gie's a kiss—
 Nae kissing there—ye'll *girn* and sneer, grin
 And *ither* hiss. each other

O Rab! *lay by* thy foolish tricks, abandon
 And *steer nae mair* the female sex, touch no more
 Or some day ye'll come through the pricks,
 And that ye'll see,
 Ye'll fin' hard living wi' Auld Nicks—
 I'm wae for thee.

But what's this comes wi' sic a knell,
 Amaist as loud as ony bell,
 While it does mak' my conscience tell
 Me what is true?
 I'm but a ragged *cowt* mysel', colt
 Owre sib to you! too much akin

We're owre like those wha think it fit,
 To stuff their noddles fu' o' wit,
 And yet content in darkness sit,
 Wha shun the light,
 Wad let them see to 'scape the pit
 That lang dark night.

But fareweel, Rab, I *maun awa*, must be off
 May he that made us keep us a',
 For that would be a dreadfu' fa'
 And hurt us sair,
 Lad, ye wad never mend awa,
 Sae, Rab, tak' care.

("No wonder," says Allan Cunningham, "that Burns said his success produced a shoal of ill-spawned monsters in Scottish verse; the tailor, however, was one of the worst. I have heard it surmised that Burns wrote the monitory letter himself for the sake of the answer. To be able to write down to the level of the verses I have quoted is a compliment to his genius, but not a just one." The verses quoted by Cunningham are the 5th and 6th of the above piece.—J. H.)

[Both Simson, who died in 1815, and Walker, who was buried in Sorn a few years earlier, saw Stewart's publication attributing the authorship of the verses in the text to Burns. Never during the lifetime of those worthies, and not till a quarter of a century thereafter, did any writer ever venture to deny the authorship of the *Reply* verses to Burns.

We have already adverted to the fact that John Richmond of Mauchline was uncle to Thomas Stewart, the printer and publisher. This at once suggests that Burns had consigned both the "Tailor's Epistle" and a copy of his own "Reply" to Richmond, the Clerk

of the "Court of Equity," and that through this source the documents passed into that publisher's hands.

To the kindness of the Rev. David Hogg, Kirkmahoe, we are indebted for the use of Tom Walker's manuscripts above referred to. In early life, that gentleman acted as assistant to William Simson's brother Patrick, in the parish-school of Ochiltree, and obtained Walker's manuscripts from the tailor's representatives in Pool. Walker appears to have at length come out as an author; for James Paterson records, in his "Contemporaries of Burns," that he published a pamphlet called "A Picture of the World."]

(Perhaps no piece associated with Burns has been the subject of so much controversy in regard to its authorship as this Epistle. Mr. Douglas, it will be seen from the above note, considers the silence of critics during Simson's and Walker's lifetime, as strong evidence of its genuineness. But are not the facts, that it appears in no edition of the poet published when he was in life, that no trace of it is to be found in any of his Common-place books, nor any reference to it in his correspondence, equally conclusive in the contrary direction? Notwithstanding all that has been written *pro* and *con* on the subject, it seems to me that we are left to base our decision very much on the internal evidence furnished by the piece. Of this every one must judge for himself. For myself, I frankly acknowledge that this evidence, strengthened by the testimony of my valued friend, Mr. Hogg, as recorded below, inclines me to scepticism.

Waddell has in his Appendix an interesting article on imitations of Burns, from which we make the following extract bearing on this vexed point:—

By far the best of these imitations, however, was the first—the "Epistle to a Tailor"—by "Winsome Willie;" but even that, on careful reading, is found to be intrinsically defective. This "Epistle," which appeared for the first time, along with "The Kirk's Alarm," "Holy Willie's Prayer," &c., in Stewart's piratical edition—Glasgow, 1801—and has been quoted with great and strange admiration since by Cunningham and others, as being, if not genuine, at least worthy of Burns, originated in this wise, as we learn from the unquestionable authority of an esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Hogg, of Kirkmahoe, in whose hands a whole MS. volume of Simson's poetry and all the documents more particularly in question, we believe, are now to be found. Simson, it appears, when teacher at Ochiltree, had a rhyming neighbor, Thomas Walker by name, and a tailor by trade; who, besides a little metrical correspondence with Simson himself, was extremely anxious to have the honor of an "Epistle" from Burns. To procure this, he addressed a somewhat verbose, although laughable enough complimentary letter to Burns, in the favorite epistolary

rhyming style then common in Scotland—to which, however, no reply was received. This neglect on our Author's part gave offence to the ambitious artist, and another epistle,* not quite so respectful, and intended of course to be very witty, was despatched. This document may be found also in Stewart's edition. "No answer was received to this letter either," says our reverend correspondent, "and the poor tailor was sadly grieved, and almost demented, at the seeming slight. Day after day did he make his complaint to Simson of Burns's unkindness in not writing him. To gratify Tom's ardent longings, Simson wrote in Burns's name the poem entitled "Epistle to a Tailor," and sent it to Pool (the cottage where Tom resided). Almost half naked, and ecstatic with joy, Walker rushed into Simson's school crying, "O Willie, Willie, I hae got ane noo; a clencher: read it, man, read it." With ill-restrained laughter he read it, and returned it to the tailor, who religiously preserved it till the day of his death, without ever discovering the hoax. A few days afterwards Simson met Burns, and reproached him for not writing to the tailor. Burns said, "Man, Willie, I aye intended to write to the bodie, but never got it dune." Simson then told the whole story, and read to him the answer he had sent in his name. Burns gave him a thump on the shoulder and said, "Od, Willie, ye hae thrashed the tailor far better than I could hae dune."—J. H.)

FRAGMENT OF SONG.

(BLACKIE'S "LAND OF BURNS," 1840.)

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
 The moon shone on the castle wa';
 The *mavis* sang, while dew-drops hang thrush
 Around her on the castle wa',
 Sae merrily they danced the ring
 Frae e'enin' till the cock did crow;
 And ay the *o'erword* o' the *spring* refrain of song
 Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'.

[It may be inferred that Burns first visited the manse of Dr. Lawrie at Newmilns about the close of September 1786. The poet's business in Kilmarnock, relating to the endeavor to effect the issue

* That printed above.

of a second Ayrshire edition, involved the necessity of several journeys to and from that town in October; and it is probable that he paid several visits to the manse about that period. Gilbert Burns informed Dr. Currie that the first time his brother heard the music of a piano-forte was there. "Dr. Lawrie (he said) had several accomplished daughters; one of them played the spinnet; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world."

The youngest daughter of Dr. Lawrie possessed, in the poet's holograph, the eight lines which form our text: it is apparently the mere scroll of something that was never more than a fragment. A relative of that lady supplied Mr. Robert Chambers with a copy of it, observing that—"There can be little doubt that the stanzas refer to the domestic circle and enjoyment of St. Margaret's Hill. The locality corresponds perfectly: the old castle of Newmilns, visible in those days from the manse windows, the hills opposite, to the south, and the actual scene of enjoyment, standing on the very banks of the Irvine. Some little poetic license must be allowed to the poet with respect to his lengthening the domestic dance so far on into the night."

On one of the poet's visits to this manse, the minister's man (John Brooks by name) did not present himself to render the usual services at the dinner-table. His attendance was dispensed with; but on being questioned afterwards by Mr. Archibald Lawrie regarding his absence, John's reply was held to be quite satisfactory. "Deed, sir, I was jist fleyed to come in, for fear Burns should mak a poem o' me!"]

EPIGRAM ON ROUGH ROADS.

(KILMARNOCK, 1876.)

I'M now arrived—thanks to the gods!—
 Thro' pathways rough and muddy,
 A certain sign that makin roads
 Is no this people's study:
 Altho' I'm not wi' Scripture cram'd,
 I'm sure the Bible says
 That heedless sinners shall be damn'd,
 Unless they mend their ways.

[This little *jeu d'esprit* bears as fair internal mark of Burns's hand as many things of the kind that have been laid to his charge. These rough roads which the poet had to traverse are supposed to have lain betwixt Kilmarnock and Stewarton. In the latter town, his uncle Robert resided in 1786; and at no great distance was Dunlop House, the residence of an important patron whom he acquired about this very period.

It is more than probable that Burns visited Mrs. Dunlop during this October, as Gilbert's narrative tells us that their acquaintanceship began just before he resolved to go to Edinburgh. He says, "Mrs. Dunlop sent off a person express to Mossgiel, distant fifteen or sixteen miles, with a very obliging letter desiring him to send her half a dozen copies of his poems, if he had them to spare, and begging he would do her the pleasure of calling at Dunlop House as soon as convenient."

Burns, during the whole of October, may be said to have oscillated like a pendulum betwixt Kyle and Cunningham.* In the earlier portion, he is busy negotiating with Wilson of Kilmarnock about a new edition. A few days later, he is traversing Galston Moor, composing his "Farewell to his native country." On the 23rd, he dines at Catrine House, and on the 26th, he is back to "Old Killie," to be made an honorary member of St. John's Lodge, there. Lastly, on the 30th, he is again at Mossgiel, inditing his epistle to Major Logan.]

PRAYER—O THOU DREAD POWER.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

Lying at a reverend friend's house one night, the author left the following verses in the room where he slept :—

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;

* Cunningham is the district of Ayrshire to the north of Kyle. Kyle is explained in note to "The Vision."—J. H.

To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band—
With earnest tears I pray—
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er Life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven !

[This "reverend friend" was George Lawrie, himself the son of a parish minister. He was ordained pastor of the parish of Loudon in 1763, and obtained the degree of D. D. in 1791. Born in 1729, he was fifty-seven years old at the period of Burns's visits to him in 1786. He survived the poet three years, dying in 1799, at the age of 70. His son Archibald succeeded to the pastorate of Loudon.

The wife of this amiable minister was Mary Campbell, daughter of Professor Archibald Campbell of St. Andrews. On the occasion that produced the admired verses which form the text, Burns had called at the manse after visiting Kilmarnock, where he had been frustrated in his hopes of a second Ayrshire edition, and cooped up to the prospect of sailing for the West Indies in a few days. Dr. Lawrie's children then comprised a son rising into manhood, and four daughters, the youngest being yet a girl. In the course of the evening, music and dancing were introduced, according to



Farewell to Ayr

"FAREWELL THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR"

the cheerful custom of the family. After a night's real enjoyment, the poet retired to rest, with feelings deeply touched by the simple refinement and mutual affection of the family, as well as by the marked attention which had been shewn to himself.

The above verses were composed by him during the night-watches, and were left in his bedroom next morning. A considerable part of the second day was spent by the poet at the manse; and after a kindly parting with the happy family, he pursued his way home across the moors of Galston, accompanied only by his Muse, who did not refuse her inspiration, as the following memorable effusion sufficiently evinces.]

FAREWELL SONG TO THE BANKS OF AYR.

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

"I composed this song as I conveyed my chest* so far on my road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land."—*R. B.*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:

* The first draft of these lines seems to have been suggested to Burns while he conveyed his chest so far on its way towards Greenock, while the poem was produced in its finished form, in the circumstances which he detailed to Dr. Blacklock, as narrated in the note at the end of this piece.—J. H.

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave ;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those :
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr !

[Our note to the last production forms a necessary prelude to this. Professor Walker, who met Burns at breakfast with Dr. Blacklock, shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, gives the following interesting account of these verses:—"After breakfast I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished pieces, and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Lawrie's family, after a visit which he expected to be the last, and, on his way home, had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. . . . The aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and the long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky ; and cold pelting showers, at intervals, added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem."]

(The delineation of Burns's feelings as positively shuddering at the prospect of a tempest-tost voyage—which has been suggested to him by his stormy moorland journey—becomes more intensely graphic, when we consider that every landsman who has never yet been to sea, pictures storms and tempests at sea to be even more terrible than they generally are.—J. H.)

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THIS <i>wot</i> ye all whom it concerns,	know
I, Rhymer <i>Robin</i> , alias Burns,	Robert
October twenty-third,	
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,	
Sae far I <i>sprachl'd</i> up the <i>brae</i> ,	scrambled hill
I <i>dinner'd</i> wi' a Lord.	dined

I've been at <i>drucken</i> writers' feasts,	drunken
Nay, been bitch-fou* ' <i>mang</i> godly priests—	among
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken !—	
I've even join'd the honor'd jorum,	
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,	
Their hydra <i>drouth</i> did <i>sloken</i> .	thirst } slake }

But wi' a Lord !—stand out my <i>shin</i> ,	leg
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son !	
Up higher yet, my <i>bonnet</i> !	cap
An' sic a Lord !— <i>lang Scotch ells twa</i> ,	six feet two
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',	
As I look o'er my sonnet.	

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
To show Sir Bardie's *willyart glow'r*, bewildered stare
An' how he star'd an' stammer'd,

* "Fu' as a Fiddler's Bitch" is a common saying in Ayrshire.

When, *goavin*, as if led wi' *branks*, ^{gazing stupidly}
 An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks, ^{bridle}
 He in the parlor hammer'd.

I *sidling* shelter'd in a nook, aside
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen ;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
 I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
 The *gentle pride*, the lordly state, pride of birth
 The arrogant assuming ;
 The *fient* a pride, nae pride had he, deuce
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's another ;
 Nae honest, worthy man need care
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.

[Professor Dugald Stewart communicated these verses to Dr. Currie, with the information that the poet's third line enabled him to give day and date for his first interview with Burns, and at the same time for the poet's first interview with a person of high rank. Dr. Mackenzie of Mauchline was the common friend who brought Burns and the philosopher together on that occasion, and the visit of Lord Daer to Catrine was accidental.

Basil William, Lord Daer, was the son and heir-apparent of the fourth Earl of Selkirk. In 1786, he had just returned from France, where he had mixed with some distinguished men, (particularly Condorcet) who afterwards figured in the Revolution. He contracted very liberal opinions, and made an attempt to get into the British House of Commons as a Scotch member, in the face of one of the provisions in the Articles of Union, which makes

the eldest son of a Scottish Peer ineligible for election. He died, unmarried, in his 32nd year, in 1794, just as the French revolutionary government had merged into a Reign of Terror.

Two days after the interview celebrated in the text, Dr. Mackenzie received a note from Burns, in which he writes—“The foregoing verses were really extempore, but a little corrected since.”]

MASONIC SONG.

Tune—“Shawn-boy,” or “Over the water to Charlie.”

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

YE sons of old *Killie*, assembled by Willie, *Kilmarnock*
 To follow the noble vocation ;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honorèd station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the ton of your fashion ;
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis seldom her favorite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who markèd each element's border ;
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order:—
 Within this dear mansion, may wayward Contention
 Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter ;
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly Love be the centre !

[The original manuscript of this impromptu, which, in 1834, was possessed by Mr. Gabriel Neil, Glasgow, is now the property of Robert Jardine, Esq., of Castlemilk, Dumfries-shire.

It is said to have been sung or recited by the poet on the occasion of his admission as an honorary member of the Kil-winning St. John's Lodge, No. 22, Kilmarnock, on 26th October 1786. The manuscript was then handed to the Right Worshipful Master, Major William Parker, the “Willie” of the song, whose son, John Parker, Esq., presented it to Mr. Neil.

An' *cleed* her bairns, man, wife, an' *wean*, clothe }
babe }
 In mourning weed ;
 To Death she's dearly pay'd the *kane*—* tribute
 Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren, o' the mystic 'level' of
 May *hing* their head in woefu' bevel, hang
 While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's *gien* the Lodge an unco *devel*—given blow
 Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire† like a rock ;
 When to the *locks* the curlers flock, lakes
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the 'cock'?—‡
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the *core*, corps
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,‡
 Or up the rink‡ like Jehu roar,
 In time o' need ;
 But now he lags on Death's 'hog-score'—‡
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately *sawmont* sail, salmon
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,

* Kane is, properly, rent paid in produce.—J. H.

† "Mire" must here be pronounced as having two syllables.

‡ These are all technical terms in the game of Curling. The "cock" called also the "tee" is the point aimed at, and the skip or captain stands there to direct. To "wick a bore" is to cause your stone to come in contact with one that has been played, and so pass through an opening towards the tee. The rink is the course. The hog-score, is a line drawn across the course some yards before the tee. The stones that do not pass it are thrown out as disgraced.—J. H.

And eels, *weel-ken'd* for souple tail, well-known
 And *geds* for greed, pikes
 Since, dark in Death's 'fish-creel, we wail'
 Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye *birring pairicks* a'; whirring partridges
 Ye *cootie* muircocks, *crouselly* craw; feathery-footed }
 proudly }
 Ye *maukins*, cock your *fud fu' braw*, hares }
 Withouten dread; tails full glad }
 Your mortal *fae* is now awa— foe
 Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
 Saw him in shootin *graiith* adorn'd, equipment
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples free'd;
 But och! he *gaed* and ne'er return'd! went
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters,
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters,
 In vain the *burns* cam down like *waters*, brooks }
 rivers }
 An acre *braid*! broad
 Now ev'ry auld wife, *greetin, clatters* weeping }
 "Tam Samson's dead!" gossips }

Owre mony a weary *hag* he limpit, morass
 An' ay the *tither* shot he thumpit, other
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly *feide*; hate
 Now he proclaims wi' *tout* o' trumpet, sound
 "Tam Samson's dead!"

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,

But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 "L—d, five !" he cry'd, an' owre did stagger—
 "Tam Samson's dead !"

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ; each
Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head ;
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming *blether*, non-
sense }
 "Tam Samson's Dead !"

There, low he lies in lasting rest ;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl *big*s her nest builds
 To hatch an' breed :
 Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !*

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his memory crave,
 O' *pouther* an' *lead*, powder shot
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 "Tam Samson's dead !"

Heav'n rest his *saul* whare'er he be ! soul
 Is th' wish o' *mony mae* than me : many more
 He had twa *fauts*, or maybe three, faults
 Yet what remead ?
 Ae social, honest man *want* we : lack
 Tam Samson's dead !

* This verse was first introduced in the enlarged edition, 1793.

THE EPITAPH.

'Tam Samson's' weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him !
 If honest worth in Heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye *win* near him.

get

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' *neuks* o' Killie ;* nooks
 Tell ev'ry social honest *billie* comrade
 To cease his grievin ;
 For, yet *unskait'h'd* by Death's unhurt
gleg gullie, sharp knife
 Tam Samson's *leevin* ! living

[The individuals named in the opening stanza of the above poem, Mackinlay, Robertson, and Tam Samson, were three leading characters in Kilmarnock at the period when Burns thus referred to them. The reader has already been introduced to the former two in "The Ordination ;" but "Tam" was nearly as great an original as his christian namesake of Shanter farm in Kirkoswald. He was a nurseryman and seedsman of good credit at the cross of Kilmarnock, a zealous sportsman, a keen mason, an enthusiastic curler, and as good a fellow as ever sat at a social board.

It is a curious fact (first commented on by Mr. Archibald M'Kay in his History of Kilmarnock, 1858), that Samson, who died in 1795, Robertson, who died in 1798, and Mackinlay, who survived to 1841, all occupy one spot in the Laigh Kirkyard, as they do one stanza in the present poem—the dust of the two clergymen being separated from the "weel-worn clay" of the sportsman by only a few inches of ground. Tam's grave is marked by a handsome stone, on which the "epitaph" in the text is engraved. Mackinlay's tablet records that Elizabeth Dickie, his spouse (of whose courtship by "Simper James" mysterious tales have been told), died in 1828, and that "eight of their children who died in infancy lie here, awaiting with their parents the morning of the

* Killie is a phrase the country folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the west.—R. B. Kilmarnock.

resurrection." A surviving son, the Rev. James Mackinlay, died in Edinburgh, June 19th, 1876.

We are not disposed to credit the newspaper story, dating about 1850, that Tam Samson was such a dolt as to be displeased to have his elegy and epitaph written, even by Burns, while he was yet "in the body:" and that not until the poet added the "PER CONTRA," was he reconciled to the performance.

We must, however, point out that a certain comfortable little "Public," consisting of two storeys, owned by one Sandy Patrick, called "The Bowling-green House," in Back Street (long ago removed), was the favorite "*howff*" of house of call Burns in Kilmarnock. Sandy was married to Tam Samson's daughter, and his house was famous for the quality of its liquors, especially a home-brewed ale, that was generally drunk from wooden caups, and therefore termed "Caup Ale." It is understood that the first reading of our text was delivered in Sandy Patrick's house, to a choice gathering of the poet's Kilmarnock associates, Muir, Parker, Gowdie, &c.,—including, of course, the hero of the piece.

On 18th November 1786, Burns enclosed "Tam Samson, as I intend to print him," to his friend Robert Muir, while he was preparing for his Edinburgh expedition.]

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HAIL, *thairm*-inspirin, rattlin, Willie ! fiddle-string
 Tho' fortune's road be rough an' hilly
 To every fiddling, rhyming *billie*, brother
 We never heed,
 But take it like the unback'd filly,
 Proud o' her speed.

When, idly *goavin*, *whyles* we saunter ; ^{staring around} sometimes
Yirr ! fancy barks, awa we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some *mishanter*, ^{mischance}
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the *scathe* an' banter ^{hurt}
We're forced to *thole*. ^{endure}

<i>Hale</i> be your heart ! hale be your fiddle !	whole
Lang may your <i>elbuck jink and diddle</i> ,	elbow move
To cheer you through the weary <i>widdle</i>	merrily
O' this wide <i>warl'</i> .	struggle
Until you on a <i>crummock driddle</i> ,	world
A grey hair'd <i>carl</i> .*	staff totter
	patriarch

Come wealth, come *poortith*, late or soon, poverty
 Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
 And screw your temper-pins *aboon*— above
 A fifth or *mair*— more
 The melancholious, lazy *croon* grumbling note
 O' *cankrie* care. cankering

May still your life from day to day,
Nae "lente largo" in the play,
But "allegretto forte" gay,
Harmonious flow,
A sweeping, kindling, *bauld* strathspey—† bold
Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery *gang* class
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 An' never think o' right an' wrang
 By square an' rule,
 But, as the *clegs* o' feeling *stang*, gadflies sting
 Are wise or fool.

My *hand-waled* curse keep hard in chase hand-
The harpy, *hoodock*, purse-proud race, picked }
Wha count on *poortith* as disgrace ; miserly
 Their tuneless hearts, poverty
May fireside discords jar a base
 To a' their parts !

* The reader will notice that this verse is almost identical with stanza second of the epistle to Sillar, p. 138, vol. I.

† See Note p. II, *supra*.

But come, your hand, my careless *brither*, brother
 I' th' *ither warld*, if there's anither, other world
 An' that there is, I've little *swither* doubt
 About the matter ;
 We, *cheek for chow*, shall jog thegither, cheek by jole
 I'se ne'er bid better.* I will wish for

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonie squad, priests *wyte* them *sheerly* blame
directly }
For our grand fa' ;
But still, but still, I like them dearly—
God bless them a' !

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly *jinkers*! tempting women
The witching, curs'd, delicious *blinkers* love-glancers
Hae put me *hyte*, crazy
And *gart* me *weet* my *waukrife winkers*, made wet }
sleepless eyes }
Wi' *girnin* spite. vengeful

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin—
An' every star within my hearin!
An' by her een wha was a dear ane
I'll ne'er forget!
I hope to gie the jads a clearin,
In fair play yet.†

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;
I'll seek my pursie *whare* I *tint* it; where lost

* This stanza gives us an interesting peep into Burns's mental condition so far as revealed religion was concerned. He was not quite an agnostic, neither was he a firm believer. Probably in this, as in other matters, he was a man of moods and impulses.—J. H.

† I hope to give the jades a settlement in full or a *quid pro quo*.—J. H.

Ance to the Indies I were *wonted*, conveyed
 Some *cantraip* hour, witching
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be *dinted*; fondled
 Then *vive l'amour* !

Faites mes baise-mains respectueuse,
 To sentimental sister Susie,
 And honest *Lucky*; no to *roose* you, goodwife }
 Ye may be proud, overpraise }
 That sic a couple fate allows ye,
 To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
 An' *trowth* my rhymin ware's nae treasure ; in truth
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, 30th October 1786.

[The manuscript of this interesting poem was, in 1834, the property of Mr. David Auld, of Doonbrae, who supplied Cunningham with a copy for his edition of the poet's works.]

Major William Logan was a retired military officer who lived a bachelor life with his mother and a maiden sister, at his villa of Park, near Ayr. He was a provincial wit, and many samples of his ready repartee, of less or more authenticity, still float about Ayr.

The reader has now been led down to the close of October, and the bard still harps about the West Indies; neither has he forgotten the glamour of Jean Armour's eyes; he "mourns the loss" of her, but does "not repent it."

What about "Highland Mary" all this time, since "the second Sunday of May?" Alas! it is an assured fact that on some day during the currency of this month of October 1786, all that was mortal of poor Mary was laid under the turf, in the West Kirkyard of Greenock. In most editions of the poet's works, from Cromek's time downwards, a beautiful little poem called "A Prayer for Mary," is to be found. We have excluded it from what would have been its proper place in our first volume, because it is now

ascertained that the verses were not composed by Burns, but by some unknown bard, and published in an old Magazine while our author was yet a youth. In 1786, Burns transcribed that old poem in a fair hand, changing the name in the original from "Serina" to *My Mary*, and tenderly applying its words and sentiments to the relationship then subsisting between Mary and himself. In that adapted form it is more than probable that it was placed in Mary's hand when they parted on that memorable Sunday evening.

With exception of the change above pointed out, the poem may be found in the Edinburgh Magazine of 1774, where it is given as a translation from Euripides.

In 1795, Burns forwarded it as a "Song" to Johnson, instructing him to print it as additional words to the air of "Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?" The following are the words—with Burns's alteration—of this poem, of which the authorship has been so long misrepresented :

Powers celestial! whose protection
 Eyer guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant lands I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care :
 Let her form so fair and faultless—
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down !

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest :
 Guardian angels ! O protect her
 When in distant lands I roam ;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home !]

FRAGMENT ON SENSIBILITY.

(BLACKIE'S "LAND OF BURNS," 1840.)

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form
 May cloud the highest mind ;
 But when the heart is nobly warm,
 The good excuse will find.

Propriety's cold, cautious rules
 Warm fervor may o'erlook;
 But spare poor sensibility
 Th' ungentle, harsh rebuke.

[A letter by Burns addressed to Mr. Archibald Lawrie, son of the pastor of Loudon, dated "Mossgiel, 13th November 1786," refers to Ossian's Poems and a volume of Songs, sent along with the letter, in fulfilment of the poet's promise to lend these to the inmates of the manse. When the book of songs was opened, the foregoing lines on a slip of paper in the bard's holograph were found enclosed. Mrs. Lawrie regarded the lines as a delicate excuse for him, if not a gentle rebuke to herself, in reference to a rather warm argument they had been engaged in, during the poet's last visit to St. Margaret's Hill, about the unfortunate result of Miss Peggy Kennedy's intimacy with M'Dowall of Logan. The story of that unpleasant transaction had excited a great sensation in Ayrshire, and Mrs. Lawrie, disliking the subject as unsuitable for her family circle, put a peremptory stop to its discussion. The poet seemed somewhat ruffled by Mrs. Lawrie's firmness, and the text displays his method of taking revenge.

The reader will find some reference to the story of this love-mishap at page 139, vol. first, in our note to the song—"Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass."]

(That the unhappy history of Miss Peggy Kennedy had made a deep and lasting impression on Burns is evidenced by the fact that it forms the subject of one of his most exquisite songs—"Ye Banks and Braes o' bonie Doon"—composed in 1791, years after the sad event.—J. H.)

A WINTER NIGHT.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these?"—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, *fell* and *dour*, keen stern
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;

A Winter Night.

"I THOUGHT ME ON THE OURIE CATTLE
OR SILLY SHEEP, WHA BIDE THIS BRATTLE
O' WINTER WAR."



When Phœbus *gies* a short-liv'd *glow'r*, gives stare
 Far south the *lift*, sky
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling *drift*: blown snow

Ae night the storm the steeples rockèd,
 Poor Labor sweet in sleep was lockèd,
 While *burns*, wi' snawy wreaths up-chokèd, streamlets
 Wild-eddying swirl ;
 Or thro' the mining outlet *bockèd*, burst gurgling
 Down headlong hurl :

List'ning the doors an' *winnocks* rattle, windows
 I thought me on the *ourie* cattle, outlying
 Or *silly* sheep, wha *bide* this *brattle* helpless bear }
 O' winter war, outburst
 And thro' the drift, deep-*lairing*, *sprattle* sinking }
 Beneath a *scaur*. scramble }
 bluff

Ilk hopping bird,—wee, helpless thing ! each hopping
 That, in the merry months o' spring, of
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee ?
 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy *chittering* wing, shivering
 An' close thy e'e ?

Ev'n you, on murdering errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats ! *

* One is not surprised to see the bard who sung of "The Mouse," "The Daisy" and "The Wounded Hare" sympathizing with his fellow-choristers of nature at this bleak season ; but his real tenderness of heart displays itself in his thoughtful pity even for the wily, murderous fox. It is in fine keeping with his being "wae to think upon yon den ev'n for your sake," and his affectionate remonstrance with Satan and appeal to him "To take a thought and men'."—J. H.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole—

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows !

“ See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land !
 Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide ;
 And eyes the simple, rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show—
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd—
 Plac'd for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below !

“ Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
 The pow'rs you proudly own ?
 Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbor, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone !

Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares :
 This boasted Honor turns away,
 Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs !
 Perhaps this hour, in Misery's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !

“ Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clamorous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep ;
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifts heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view,
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crushèd low
 By cruel Fortune's undeservèd blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss ! ”

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing *craw*.

crow

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

[The Poet, in a letter to Mr. John Ballantine of Ayr, dated from Mossiel on 20th Nov. 1786, (exactly a week before he set out for

Edinburgh) enclosed the foregoing piece, as his "first attempt in that irregular kind of measure in which many of our finest odes are written."

Dr. Currie remarks of this poem that it is "highly characteristic both of the temper of mind, and of the condition of Burns. It begins with a description of a dreadful storm on a night in winter: the poet represents himself as lying in bed, and listening to its howling. In this situation he naturally turns his thoughts to the 'ourie cattle,' and the 'silly sheep,' exposed to all the violence of the tempest. After sympathizing with the birds, and even beasts of prey, crowding thoughts pensively rise in his soul, as the moon, 'dark-muffled,' casts a dreary light on his window. In this state he hears a voice complaining in language and sentiment somewhat akin to that of his own early dirge, 'Man was made to mourn.'"

Currie's criticism is that "the strain of sentiment which runs through the poem is noble, but the execution is unequal, and the versification defective."

Coleridge pays Burns the compliment of imitating the concluding verses, in the moral application which closes his *Ancient Mariner*:—"He prayeth best who loveth best both man and bird and beast."]

(The lines beginning "Blow, blow," &c., are simply a paraphrase-amplification of the song on *Man's Ingratitude*, in "As You Like It;" but Burns does not suffer when brought in competition even with Shakespere.

"This poem," says Thomas Carlyle, "is worth seven homilies on mercy, for it is the voice of Mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy: his soul rushes forth into all the realms of being: nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him."—J. H.)

SONG—YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,*

* The Clyde rises in that part of the mountain chain called the Southern Highlands, which separates Lanark and Peebles from Dumfries-shire, and known as the Moffat hills. It flows northwest past Lanark and Glasgow, and is the greatest commercial stream in Scotland. Although thus commercially important, in America it would not be recognized as more than a creek.—J. H.

Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
to feed,
And the shepherd *tents* his flock as he pipes watches
on his reed.*

Not Gowrie's rich valley,† nor Forth's‡ sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow each
 strath; vale
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I *lo'e* the dear lassie because she lo'es me. love

To Beauty what man but *mann* yield him a prize, *must*
In her armor of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

* This is purely a poet's fancy-sketch. Scotch shepherds do not, and, I apprehend, never did pipe on reeds. Reeds fit for pipes are not grown among the spurs of the Lowthers.—J. H.

† Carse, or bottom lands of Gowrie along the Tay, in Perthshire and Fife, said to be the richest in Scotland.—J. H.

† The river and estuary on which Stirling and Edinburgh stand. The Carse of Stirling, consisting of the bottom lands along the "links of Forth" in Stirling and Clackmannanshires is also very fertile.—J. H.

[The bard's remark on this production in his Glenriddell notes is the following—“This song alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know.” The “world,” however, is not to be put off in this way; a remark of that kind from Burns only stimulates curiosity. Stenhouse suggested “Highland Mary” as its theme; and Cunningham, associating “moors and mosses many” with the idea of the poet's “Nannie,” proposed to assign the heroineship to her.

As Burns admitted in one of his letters to George Thomson, that all his earlier love-songs were the breathings of real passion, bearing a legend of the heart faithfully inscribed on each, it is but reasonable that some interest should attach to the above simple effusion. The poet was evidently partial to it himself; for after publishing it in the *Museum* to a mediocre melody of Oswald's, he recommended it to Thomson, in July 1793, as suitable words for the air, “There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.”

[We think the following facts throw light on the origin of this song:—Burns left Mossiel for Edinburgh on 27th November 1786, travelling on horseback by way of Muirkirk. He passed the night and a portion of the following day with Mr. Archibald Prentice, farmer, Covington, near Biggar, and arrived in Edinburgh in the afternoon of Tuesday the 28th. This honest farmer, Father of Mr. Archibald Prentice, Editor of the *Manchester Times*, was such an enthusiastic admirer of Burns, that he subscribed for twenty copies of the author's Edinburgh edition. He kept a diary, from which it appears that Burns paid him a visit from Edinburgh on Tuesday the first of May 1787. Regarding this latter circumstance Chambers in 1856 observed, that it was one of several excursions of Burns, never before noticed by any biographer; and these have generally “some obscurity, if not mystery resting upon them.” He also suggested that this secret visit to Lanarkshire may have had some connection with the present song, in which a humble peasant-girl of Clydesdale bears a part in the poet's “private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know.” On the first visit we infer that Burns first saw the “sweet lassie of his thought and his dream,” and his second mysterious visit was to see her again. The entry in Mr. Prentice's diary is as follows: “[1787] May 1. Cold. Making bear land. Mr. Burns here.”

The diary came into possession of Mr. John Prentice, another son of Burns's friend, in whose hands Mr. Chambers saw it.—J. H.]

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs :
From marking wildly-scatt' red flow'r's,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labor plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise :
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail ;
Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural¹ vale :
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
And never may their sources fail !
And never Envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own His work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
 Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood² assailing war,
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,*
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid Law³ cries out, "'twas just !"

Wild beats my heart⁴ to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :†
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina! Scotia's darling seat ! Edinburgh
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs ;
 Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs :

* Holyrood.

† A ruddy lion rampant is the standard of Scotland.—J. H.

From marking wildly scatt' red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

[The above address was undoubtedly one of the earliest efforts of the author's musings after his arrival in the city. Before he had resided one month there, he enclosed a copy of it, along with another piece unnamed, to Mr. W. Chalmers, writer in Ayr. Concerning these productions he wrote thus:—"I enclose you two poems which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck.* One blank in the address to Edinburgh, 'Fair B——,' is heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honor to be more than once."

About the same date, Mrs. Alison Cockburn, authoress of the popular song "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," then a very aged lady, thus wrote to a friend regarding the distinguished poetic visitant:—"The town is at present all agog with the 'Ploughman Poet,' who receives adulation with native dignity, and is the very figure of his profession, strong, but coarse; yet he has a most enthusiastic heart of love. He has seen Duchess Gordon and all the gay world. His favorite, for looks and manners, is Bess Burnet—no bad judge indeed." Mr. Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the possessor of a holograph MS. of this poem, which shews the following variations:—

¹ rustic.² oft has it stood.³ Truth.⁴ My heart beats wild.]

ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS.†

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

<i>FAIR fa'</i> your honest, <i>sonsie</i> face,	blessings on }
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!	plump }
<i>Aboon</i> them a' ye tak your place,	above
<i>Painch</i> , tripe, or <i>thairm</i> :	paunch }
	small gut }
Weel are ye <i>wordy</i> o' a grace	worthy
As lang's my arm.	

* Glenbuck is a high hill which bounds the horizon on the northeast from Mauchline and Mossgiel.—J. H.

† The haggis, though said to be of French extraction, is a culinary production now peculiar to Scotland. It is composed of minced offal of mutton, mixed with oatmeal and suet, and boiled in a sheep's stomach.—J. H.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your *hurdies* like a distant hill,
Your pin * *wad* help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labor *dight*, wipe
 An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
 Like ony ditch ;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-*reekin*, rich ! smoking

Then, horn for horn,† they stretch an' strive :
 Deil *take* the hindmost ! on they drive, take
 Till a' their *weel-swallow'd kytes belyve* full stomachs }
shortly }
 Are bent like drums ;
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to *rive*, burst
 ' *Bethanket !* ' hums. grace after meat

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that *wad staw* a sow, would disgust
Or fricassee wad mak her *spew* vomit
 Wi' perfect *scunner*, loathing
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On *sic* a dinner? such

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,	
As <i>feckless</i> as a withered <i>rash</i> ,	feeble rush
His spindle <i>shank</i> , a <i>guid</i> whip-lash,	leg good
His <i>nieve</i> a <i>nit</i> ;	fist nut
Thro' <i>bluidy</i> flood or field to dash,	bloody
O how unfit !	

† In the time of Burns haggis, and other spoon-food, was supped with horn spoons.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his *walvie* nieve a blade, powerful
 He'll mak it whistle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will *sned*, shear off
 Like *taps o' thrissle*. thistle-tops

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae *skinking* ware watery
 'That *jaups* in *luggies*; splashes }
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer eared bowls }

Gie her a Haggis ! give

[In all likelihood this was the other poem referred to in the poet's letter to Chalmers, quoted in the preceding note. It appeared in print in the columns of the Caledonian Mercury, on 20th December, 1786, and again in the Poet's corner of the Scots Magazine for January, 1787. James Hogg assures his readers that the poem was produced, almost impromptu, at a dinner within the house of Mr. Andrew Bruce, merchant, Castle hill. It is executed much in the spirit and style of the author's Postscript to his "Earnest cry and Prayer."

In preparing this poem for publication in his new edition, he substituted a fresh verse for the following stanza which closes the copy that he had sent to the newspaper:—

Ye Powers wha gie us a' that's gude,
Still bless auld Caledonia's brood
Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's *blude* blood
In *stoups* and *luggies*; flagons eared dishes
And on our board that King o' food,
A glorious Haggis!

Chambers, apparently on some reliable authority, tells us that this last verse was an impromptu Grace uttered by the poet at a friend's house, where it was so well received that he was induced to extend the subject into the above "Address." We have been informed by a descendant of Mr. Morison, cabinetmaker in Mauchline, that such an incident did occur on one occasion, when a haggis formed part of a Sunday meal in his ancestor's house; the poet having dropped in to take pot-luck, as he sometimes did, after forenoon service in Mauchline kirk.]

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,
JAN. 1, 1787.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps too true ;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you.

[This elegant inscription was addressed to the "sentimental sister Susie," referred to in the author's "Epistle to Major Logan," vol. ii. p. 45. The reader will bear in mind that, at the date of that epistle (30th Oct. 1786), the Poet had still the prospect of emigrating to the West Indies. The lapse of two short months, however, seemed to convert such a recollection into a dream. In the line, "No gifts have I from India's coasts," he seems to revert to some topics discussed at the Major's fireside, involving a promise on his part to send Miss Susie a token of remembrance from that torrid zone to which he then seemed fated.

In Dec. 1825, a paragraph in the *Dumfries Courier* announced the narrow escape from drowning of J. Thomson, Esq., and his wife, formerly Miss Logan, the heroine of these verses, in travelling home on a stormy night.]

MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE—A SKETCH.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan * came ;
 The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night ;
 His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
 A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd ;
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

[This distinguished citizen of Edinburgh was born there in 1740, so that his age would be 47 when Burns extemporised the above sketch of his portrait. "There in my eye," wrote the bard, at a somewhat later period, "is our friend Smellie, a man positively of the first abilities and greatest strength of mind, as well as one of the best hearts and keenest wits that I have ever met with."

Lord Monboddo used to address him as "my learned printer," for besides having planned and edited the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in 1771, he was the translator of Buffon, and author of several original works of established reputation, such as "The Philosophy of Natural History." His printing office was situated at the foot of Anchor Close, the site of which is now occupied as the printing and publishing premises of the *Scotsman* newspaper. Smellie was printer of the first Edinburgh edition of Burns's Poems, and the acquaintanceship thus begun, speedily ripened into a close intimacy and companionship. A little farther up the close referred to, which was entered from the High Street, below the Cross on the north side, was a famous Tavern kept by a genial old Highlandman, named Daunie (*i. e.* Daniel) Douglas. Its proximity to the Cross and the Parliament House, made this tavern a very convenient house of call, especially to those who transacted business with the learned typographer; and there, a few years before Burns came to Edinburgh, a Club had been formed by some of its distinguished frequenters. Foremost among these was Charles Hay, Advocate, afterwards Lord Newton, celebrated for his forensic and judicial talents; and now remembered chiefly

* See note to next piece.

for his social eccentricities and extraordinary feats of claret-drinking. Smellie introduced Burns to this Club in January 1787. It bore the name of "the Crochallan Fencibles," and all its members held some pretended military rank or title; but the fencing exercises in which the corps was drilled, were those of raillery and wit only. At the introduction of new members, it was the practice to treat such novices with much apparent rudeness, as a trial of their tempers and humors. Burns underwent a severe castigation at the hands of the "Hangman" (Mr. Smellie), and the "Muster-master General" to the corps (Lord Newton); but as the poet had been let into the secret beforehand, he shewed himself "equal to the occasion."

Mr. Wm. Smellie, besides being a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, was Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He pre-deceased our poet by upwards of one year, his death occurring on 24th June, 1795.]

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannilie keeket ben ;*

Rattlin, roarin Willie

Was sittin at yon *boord-en'* ; head of the table

Sittin at yon boord-en',

And amang gude companie ;

Rattlin, roaring Willie,

You're welcome hame to me !

[This "last stanza," appended to an ancient ditty bearing the title prefixed, Burns tells us he "composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a Club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." The connecting words of the old song are these:—

O rattlin, roarin Willie, O he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle, an' buy some other ware ;
But parting wi' his fiddle, the saut tear blint his ee ;
And rattlin, roarin Willie, you're welcome hame to me !

* Slyly peeped into the spence or inner room.—J. H.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle, O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle, an' buy a pint o' wine:
 If I should sell my fiddle, the warl would think I was mad;
 For mony a rantin day my fiddle an' I hae had.

Mr. Dunbar was enthusiastically fond of old songs and ballads; and that these entered largely into the social enjoyments of the Crochallan club is proved by the fact that it took its title from a Highland song called "Chro Chalein" (Gaelic for *Colin's cattle*), which the landlord of their place of meeting (Daunie Douglas) sang with great effect. Alexander Cunningham, writer, latterly a jeweller in Edinburgh, and Robert Cleghorn of Saughton Mills, near Edinburgh—both of whom were lifelong correspondents of the bard—were also members of the social corps, and both were eminently good singers. Burns took the pains to form a MS. collection of old-fashioned and highly-spiced Scotch songs, expressly for the use of the Crochallan Club. In Dumfries, he carefully kept the book under lock and key; but some years after his death, it fell into the hands of a person who caused it to be printed in a very coarse style, and privately circulated, under the title of "The Merry Muses of Caledonia," post 8vo, pp. 128. The poet's name, however, is not on the title page, nor indicated in any way except by the unmistakable power exhibited in some of the pieces.

Wm. Dunbar, W.S., latterly held the post of joint Inspector-General of Stamp-duties for Scotland. He died on the 18th February 1807.]

(We refrain from recognizing any of the pieces in the above publication for three reasons—First, their character: Second, their want of authentication: the great bulk of the pieces were not by Burns originally, and even such as were partially or wholly his have been retouched and rendered grosser by other hands, and there are no means of discriminating between what is genuine and what is not. Third, Burns never designed their publication. They were collected for a roistering club, to be sung in their hours of wildest revelry, and that in an age of not over-refinement. To reproduce such pieces in a work dedicated to the genius of Scotland's bard would be sacrilege.—J. H.)

SONG.—BONIE DUNDEE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1787.)

My blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie !
 My blessins upon thy bonie *e'e-brie* ! eye-brow
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me !

But I'll *big* a bow'r on yon bonie banks, build
 Whare Tay rins *wimplin* by sae clear ; winding
 An' I'll *cleed* thee in the tartan sae fine, clothe
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

[There is preserved, in the poet's monument at Edinburgh, the original letter, dated 1st Feb. 1787, which was sent by the Earl of Buchan to Burns, tendering gratuitous advice, which, the Bard's reply, printed in the Correspondence, shews he scarcely required. On the back of that letter is a pencil jotting, in the poet's hand, giving the opening lines of the old song, apparently noted down from the singing of Cleghorn, referred to in the preceding article. For the sake of the connection we here set them down :—

"O whar gat ye that *happer-meal* bannock ? oat-meal
 Silly auld bodie, O dinna ye see ;
 I gat it frae a young, brisk sodger laddie,
 Atween *Saint Johnstoun* an' bonie Dundee. Perth
 O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't !
 Aft has he *doudl't* me up on his knee ; dandled
 May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,
 An' send him safe hame to his babie and me !"

Stenhouse, in his illustrations to Johnson's Museum, informs us that Burns sent a copy of his improved version of the song to his friend Cleghorn, with the following laconic epistle annexed :—

* "Dear Cleghorn, you will see by the above that I have added a stanza to 'Bonie Dundee.' If you think it will do, you may set it agoing

—Upon a ten string'd instrument,
 And on the psaltery.

To Mr. Cleghorn, *Farmer*.—God bless the trade !—*R. B.*"]

* The original of the letter is now in the possession of Mr. J. Raymond Cleghorn, Philadelphia.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

(CROMEK, 1808.)

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till, in a declamation-mist,
 His argument he *tint* it : lost
 He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,
 He fand it was awa, man ;
 But what his common sense came short,
 He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood *awee*, short time
 Then open'd out his arm, man ;
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And ey'd the gathering storm, man :
 Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
 Or torrents owre a *lin*, man ; waterfall
 The BENCH sae wise lift up their eyes,
 Half-*wauken'd* wi' the *din*, man. awakened noise

[The proceedings in the supreme civil court are always interesting to intelligent strangers who visit the capital of Scotland. That Burns took occasional opportunities of listening to the debates and addresses of distinguished pleaders may well be credited. A letter of his to Gavin Hamilton, dated 8th March 1787, narrates that he had been watching the progress and issue of a famous *crim-con* case which had been discussed and disposed of on the preceding day, and of which the reader will hear again when, in proper course, we give some verses composed by our poet on the subject.]

The above lively portraiture of two leading barristers of that day, the one representing Mr. Ilay Campbell, Lord Advocate, (afterwards Lord President), and the other, Harry Erskine, Dean of Faculty, preserve some results of the poet's visits to the Parliament House.]

INSCRIPTION FOR THE HEADSTONE OF FERGUSON THE POET.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
 'No storied urn nor animated bust ;'
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
 To pour her sorrows o'er the Poet's dust.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

(FROM ALEXANDER SMITH'S ED., 1865.)

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate ;
 Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
 Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
 And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This tribute, with a tear, now gives
 A brother Bard—he can no more bestow ;
 But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
 A nobler monument than Art can shew.

[Hundreds of the admirers of Burns and Fergusson, yearly, from all parts of the world, find their way down the venerable Canon-gate of Edinburgh, to muse awhile over the graceful memorial which one Scottish bard erected there, to mark the grave of his "elder brother in misfortune" and song. On 6th February, 1787, Burns applied by petition to the Church-yard managers of that Barony, craving permission thus to mark, and render sacred for ever, the spot where Fergusson's remains were laid in October 1774. On 22d February, the necessary grant was given ; and forthwith our poet employed his approximate namesake Robert Burn,

architect, to provide and erect the very substantial stone which still "directs pale Scotia's way" to pay reverence to that poet's dust. The memorial has been kept in the finest order, through a well-conceived bequest made by the widow of Hugh Williams, the distinguished painter of "Views in Greece."

Only the first four lines of the text are cut on the face of this interesting tablet, immediately under the following heading:—

"HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.
Born September 5th 1751.—Died 16th October 1774."

On the reverse side these words are inscribed:—

"By special grant of the Managers to ROBERT BURNS, who erected this stone,
This Burial-place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of ROBERT FER-
GUSSON."

The additional stanzas are found in Burns's manuscript book of early pieces, supposed to have been transcribed for Mrs. Dunlop, and which is now in the possession of Mr. Macmillan, publisher, London.]

INSCRIBED UNDER FERGUSSON'S PORTRAIT.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

[These lines were inscribed by Burns in a copy of Fergusson's Poems presented by him to a young lady in Edinburgh, and bear date, March 19th, 1787. They give a somewhat more elegant expression to the same sentiment recorded (vol. I. p. 116,) in his epistle to William Simson:—

My curse upon your whunstone hearts
Ye E'nburgh gentry:
The tythe o' what ye waste on *cartes*
Wad stow'd his pantry.]

cards
stored

EPISTLE TO MRS. SCOTT,

GUDEWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

(ELIZ. SCOTT'S POEMS, 1801.)

I MIND it weel in early date,
 When I was beardless, young, and *blate*, bashful
 An' first could *thresh the barn*, thrash in the barn
 Or haud a yokin at the pleugh ;*
 An' tho' *forfoughten sair eneugh*, tired out sore enough
 Yet *unco* proud to learn : very
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 An' wi' the *lave ilk* merry morn rest each
 Could rank my rig and lass,†
 Still *shearing*, and clearing reaping
 The tither *stookèd raw*, row of shocks
 Wi' *claivers*, an' *haivers*, gossiping nonsense
 Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, (I mind its pow'r,)
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast,
 That I for poor Auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu' plan or book could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough-burr thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded *bear*, barley
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear :‡

* Do a day's work at the plough. There are properly two "yokins" in the day—one from morning till mid-day, one from dinner till night.—J. H.

† A "haffins man" (a lad) or, more frequently, a woman was put on each ridge along with an able-bodied man in reaping-time, the youngster or female getting the easier half, or "clean side" of the ridge. Burns could take the heavier part and, with his lass, keep up his ridge with those of the others.—J. H.

‡ The thistle is the emblem of Scotland, as the rose is of England and the

No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, *but* blot still, without
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 'Till on that *har'st* I said before, harvest
 My partner in the merry *core*, corps
 She rous'd the forming strain ;
 I see her yet the *sonsie quean*, plump girl
 That lighted up my *jingle*, rhymes
 Her witching smile, her *pauky een* rogueish eyes
 That gart my heart-strings tingle :
 I firèd, inspirèd,
 At every kindling *keek*, sly glance
 But *bashing*, and *dashing*, abashed and ashamed
 I fearèd ay to speak.

Health to the sex ! *ilk guid chiel* says : each good }
fellow }
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common ;
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The *saul* o' life, the heaven below, soul
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly *sumphs*, who hate the name, dolts
 Be mindfu' o' your mither ;
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her :
Ye're wae men, ye're nae *men* you're to be pitied
 That slight the lovely dears ;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest *birkie* swears. bright youth

shamrock of Ireland. The motto is as appropriate allegorically, as it is true historically : *Nemo me impune lacessit.*—J. H.

For you, no bred to barn and *byre*, cow-stable
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line :
 The *marled* plaid ye kindly spare, party-colored
 By me should gratefully be *ware* ; worn
 'Twad please me *to the nine*. to perfection
 I'd be mair *vauntie* o' my *hap*, boastful covering
 Douce hingin owre my *curple*,*
 Than ony ermine ever *lap*, wrapt
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Farewell then, lang *hale* then, health
 An' plenty be your *fa'* ; lot
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your *hallan ca'* ! threshold

R. BURNS.

March, 1787.

[This delightful effusion was called forth by way of "Answer" to a lengthy rhymed complimentary letter which the poet received, about three months after his arrival in Edinburgh, from the wife of a Roxburghshire laird, or farmer of the wealthier class, who was an amateur in literature and the fine arts. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Rutherford, and she was niece to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the popular lyric, 'I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling.'

Mrs. Scott's letter is as follows :

My *cantie*, witty, rhyming ploughman, merry
 I haffins doubt it is na true, man,
 That ye between the *stills* was bred, plough-handles
 Wi' ploughmen schooled, wi' ploughmen fed ;
 I doubt it *sair*, ye've drawn your knowledge much
 Either frae grammar-school or college.
 Guid troth, your saul and body *baith* both
 War better fed, I'd *gie* my *ailth*, give oath
 Than theirs who sup sour milk and *parritch*, oatmeal porridge
 And *bummil* through the single †*Carritch*. blunder catechism

* Hanging decently over my back and loins.—J. H.

† The Westminster Assembly of Presbyterian Divines, in 1646, drew up not only "A Confession of Faith," but two Catechisms, a "Larger" and a "Shorter," the latter being an abridgement of the former. It is this that is known in Scotland as "The Single Carritch." Every Scottish child learns it at school.—J. H.

Whaever heard the ploughman speak,
 Could tell *gif* Homer was a Greek?
 He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
 As get a single line of Virgil.
 And then sae slee ye crack your jokes
 O' Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox:
 Our great men a' sae weel *describe*,
 And how to *gar* the nation thrive, *describe*
 Ane *maist* wad swear ye dwalt amang them, *make*
 And as ye saw them, sae ye sang them. *almost*
 But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
 Ye are a funny blade, I swear;
 And though the *cauld* I ill can *bide*, *cold* *endure*
 Yet twenty miles and mair I'd ride
 O'er moss and moor, and never grumble,
 Though my *auld yad* should gie a stumble, *old horse*
 To crack a winter night wi' thee,
 And hear thy sangs and sonnets *slee*. *sly*
 Oh gif I kenn'd but whare ye *baide*, *abode*
 I'd send to you a *marled* plaid; *party-colored*
 'Twad *haud* your *shouthers* warm and *braw*, keep shoulders gay
 And *douce* at kirk or market *shaw*; *decently* *show*
Fra' south as weel as north, my lad, *from*
 A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the "*maud*," *plaid*
 Right *wae* that we're sae far *frae ilher*; sorry *from each other*
 Yet proud I am to ca' ye *brither*. *call* *brother*

Your most obed. E. S.

To Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard. Feb. 1787.

Dr. Currie in 1800 printed only the three opening stanzas of Burns's poem in the text, under the heading "On my Early Days." Most unaccountably, the piece was withdrawn from all subsequent editions, and was not restored even by Gilbert Burns in 1820. Dr. Walker in 1811, omitted it, while Peterkin, in 1815, and Hamilton Paul, in 1819, gave only the fragment from Currie's first edition. It seems to have been first included entire in Wm. Clark's edition, 1831, where Mrs. Scott's letter is also given. The "Gudewife of Wauchope-house" died on Feb. 19th, 1789, just about two years after inditing her letter to Burns; but her collected poems were published in 1801 by her relatives: and from that source the complete poem in the text is given. The beautiful reference in the third stanza is to the charming incident related in the poet's autobiography about "Handsome Nell," who initiated him in the mysteries of love. The poet visited the "Gudewife of Wauchope-house" while on his Border tour in the May following the date of his poem; but seems not to have been peculiarly "taken with her." We have no means of knowing if she presented him with the "marled plaid" she had promised him.]

VERSES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW
A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1839.)

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous princely mien,
E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger! to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
The noble Ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons,
That Chief thou may'st discern;
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn.

[Among several of the nobility and gentry to whom the bard was early introduced in the Scottish capital, he seems to have taken most kindly and reverently to James Cunninghame, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn. He was born in 1749, and therefore was just ten years older than the poet: he succeeded to the title at his father's death in 1775, and was himself prematurely cut off in January 1791. His only brother, the Hon. and Rev. John Cunninghame, married Isabella, sister of the Earl of Buchan, in 1785, and succeeded as fifteenth Earl of Glencairn when his brother died. When Earl John died in 1796, without issue, the title became extinct.

Earl William, the father of Burns's patron, succeeded to the title in 1733, and was fain to recruit his exhausted revenues by marrying, in 1744, the eldest daughter of Hugh M'Guire, a poor musician

of Ayr, whose family had been adopted by Governor Macrae, an Indian nabob of untold wealth. Charles Dalrymple, Sheriff-clerk of Ayr, in 1743 married another daughter, who succeeded to the estate of Orangefield on the death of Mr. Macrae, who had purchased it for his own residence.

The above details provide a key to the proper understanding of the links which united the coterie of notables who first gave Burns the right hand of fellowship when he arrived in Edinburgh. Robert Aiken of Ayr was a relative of Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, whose patronage Burns refers to in the closing stanza of "The Vision," (suppressed verses, p. 245, vol. I.) Mr. Dalrymple introduced the poet to his cousin, the Earl of Glencairn, through whom, again, he became acquainted with the Earl of Buchan and his brother, Harry Erskine, the Dean of Faculty. Through Glencairn also, Creech became Burns's publisher, that learned "bibliopole" having formerly been travelling tutor to the young Earl.*

Our author, who was ever anxious to repay his patrons with such coin as the Muse readily supplied, made application to Lord Glencairn for permission to print, in his forthcoming edition, the verses in the text. It appears, however, that his lordship's modesty, or refined taste, prompted him to refuse the poet's request. Dr. Currie refers to this matter, but seems not to have been aware that the verses were preserved. Cunningham obtained them from the Earl's namesake, James Glencairn Burns, who then possessed the original MS. now preserved in the poet's monument in Edinburgh.]

(Taking it all in all we regard this as one of the least happy specimens of Burns's Muse, and we cannot but regret that the poet did not follow the counsel of his noble patron and keep it from the light. It is offensive as an example of fulsome adulation, weak poetically, and—a rare fault for Burns—marred by obscurity in the concluding couplet of the second stanza. Other editors have endeavored to lighten this obscurity by substituting "inspire" for "admire" in this couplet, we print the piece as we find it in the poet's holograph. The third stanza, in which "His guardian Seraph eyes with awe the noble Ward he loves," we refrain from characterising further than by observing that when Burns essays adulation his hand seems to forget its cunning. One excuse—and only one—can be offered. Glencairn was the first of the aristocracy to notice Burns—a vastly greater condescension in those days than a similar act would be now. He exerted himself actively in the poet's behalf, and, as said above, was one

* The above shows one chain of connection, but the writer has forgotten his introduction to Dr. Blacklock, through Mr. Lawrie sending the blind poet a copy of the Kilmarnock edition, also Professor Dugald Stewart's influence. Other friends than those he names gladly gave Burns "the right hand" on his arrival at Edinburgh.—J. H.

main means of introducing him to the highest society in Edinburgh, as well as to his Publisher, Creech. Burns was a man of keen susceptibilities and strong impulses, and prone to express himself strongly from motives of pure gratitude. The name given to his fourth son born after the Earl's death proves that the gratitude was not due to "expectation of favors yet to come." All this notwithstanding, we wish that we could have seen our way to omit the piece from this collection; but we must show Burns as he was, in all his weakness as in all his strength.—J. H.)

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,
MONDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1787.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WHEN, by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
That dearest need is granted—honest fame;
When here your favor is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;¹
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war.
Hail, CALEDONIA, name forever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honored to appear!
Where every science, every nobler art,
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy,* no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;

* Professor Reid at Glasgow, and Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh.

Here History* paints with elegance and force
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ;
 Here Douglas† forms wild Shakspeare into plan,‡
 And Harley§ rouses all the God in man.
 When well-formed taste and sparkling wit unite
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace
 Can only charm us in the second place),
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
 As on this night, I've met these judges here !
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
 With decency and law beneath his feet ;
 Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name :
 Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
 Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honor'd land !
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire ;
 May every son be worthy of his sire ;²
 Firm may she rise, with generous disdain
 At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain ;
 Still Self-dependent in her native shore,
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

[William Woods, who was styled the "Scottish Roscius," had

* Robertson and Hume the historians.

† Home's Tragedy of Douglas.

‡ This is almost on a par with the judgment of the patriotic Scotchman, who, on seeing Douglas performed for the first time in London, called out enthusiastically: "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespere now?" A correspondent of Mr. Douglas says: "That Burns should have written thus of Home's tragedy and Shakespere's genius is the most striking instance of defective taste or judgment we have in his whole literary history." The correspondent forgets that Burns was writing for a Scotch audience in a Scotch theatre, and that in such circumstances a little exaggeration by way of flattering national sentiment or prejudice is almost *en regle*.—J. H.

§ The hero of "The Man of Feeling," by Henry Mackenzie.

been an intimate associate of the poet Fergusson, who thus remembered him in his "Last Will :"—

"To Woods, whose genius can provoke
His passions to the bowl or sock,
For love to thee and to the Nine,
Be my immortal Shakespeare thine."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Burns cultivated his society. Woods played the part of Ford in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" on the occasion for which the prologue was written. It is not a very happy effort, and yet evidence exists to show that it cost the poet some trouble. J. B. Greenshields, Esq., of Kerse, Lesmahagow¹ is in possession of the author's original draft, from which we note the variations appended.

In the MS. referred to, this paragraph thus opens:—

¹ Small is the task to please a gaping throng
Unmeaning rant, extravagance of song :
Heavy Stupidity all rueful views
The Tyburn humors of the tragic Muse,
Or roars at times the loud, rough laugh between,
As horse-play nonsense shews her comic scene.
But here, &c.

(or)

... extravagance of song :
The vacant, staring eye all rueful views
The Tyburn humors of the tragic Muse ;
Or comic scenes the merry roar engage
As horse-play nonsense thunders o'er the stage.
But here, &c.

The closing five lines are as follow :—

² May never sallow Want her bounty stint,
Nor selfish maxim dare the sordid hint ;
But may her virtues ever be her prop ;
Thou her best stay, and Thou her surest hope,
Till Fate on worlds the eternal curtain drop.

THE BONIE MOOR-HEN.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads *gaed* a-hunting ae day at the dawn, went
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

Chorus.—

I rede you, beware at the hunting, young council
men,
I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men ;
Take some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet-brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colors betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;
Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring,
And O ! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing.
I rede you, &c.

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he tryèd his skill ;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the *brae*— hill
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
I rede you, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill ;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men,
I red you, beware at the hunting, young men ;
She's red i' the tap, and she's black whar ye ken,
And these are the marks o' my bonie moor-hen.

[The above song undoubtedly belongs to this period of the poet's history. Some of his "Crochallan" associates were members of the Caledonian Hunt, to whom the subject would not be objectionable. It is formed on the model of an old song of more wit than delicacy which is found in the Crochallan collection, each stanza of which opens with the line

"I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man,"

and forms the prelude to some really judicious advice, delivered in a very "pawkie" manner—for instance,

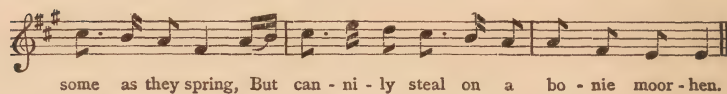
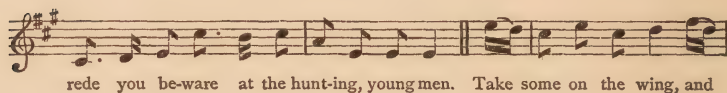
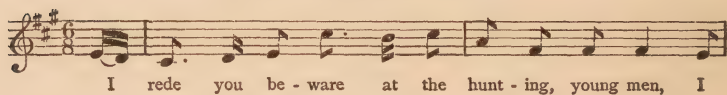
"Tho' music be pleasure, tak music in measure,
Or sune ye'll want wind i' your whistle, young man."

Burns thought so well of the song in the text, that he could not resist giving Clarinda a perusal of it. That lady in her next letter thus counselled him on the subject—"Do not publish the Moor-hen. Do not, for your sake and mine."

The tune to which this song was composed is a very old favorite, known as "The Tailor's March," from which the popular air "Logie o' Buchan" was constructed. To show the connection between the two melodies, we here annex the old "March:" the more modern tune, "Logie o' Buchan," will be found in all ordinary collections.]

(The title of the song, and its local coloring, remind us of the upper Clyde, described in "Yon Wild Mossy Mountains."—J. H.)

Air—"The Tailor's March."



SONG—MY LORD A-HUNTING.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

Chorus.—

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
 And *gowden* flowers *sae* rare upon 't ; * golden so
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, †
 My lord thinks *meikle mair* upon 't. much more

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane ;
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
 My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And *kith and kin* o' Cassillis' blude ; closely akin to
 But her ten-pund lands o' *tocher* gude ‡ dower
 Were a' the charms his lordship *lo'ed*. loved
 My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
 Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
 There *wons* auld Colin's bonie lass, dwells
 A lily in a wilderness.
 My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music notes o' lover's hymns :
 The diamond-dew in her *een* sae blue, eyes
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
 My lady's gown, &c.

* My lady's gown has colored insertions slashed into it and golden flowers of rare beauty worked upon it.—J. H.

† Jimps and jerkinet (or jerkenette) are the body and outer corset or stays worn by a maiden.—J. H.

‡ Ten-pund lands are lands that pay a yearly tax of ten pounds. This implies a large property.—J. H.

My lady's <i>dink</i> , my lady's drest,	precise
The flower and fancy o' the west ;	
But the lassie that a man <i>lo'es</i> best,	loves
O that's the lass to mak him blest.	
My lady's gown, &c.	

(This is an old Scottish song or ballad exquisitely amended. It lets us see that the morality of the ancient aristocracy was not one whit purer than that of their descendants in Burns's days. The piece was furnished to Johnson at an early date in the progress of his undertaking, and Stenhouse accounts for the late publication of it by telling us that "Johnson long hesitated to admit the song into his work ; but being blamed for such fastidiousness, he at length gave it a place there."—J. H.)

MINOR PIECES, SCRAPS, AND EPIGRAMS.

[The dedication of the Author's Edinburgh Edition is dated 4th April 1787, and a few days thereafter he commenced a private Journal, protected with clasp and patent lock, as "a security at least equal to the bosom of any friend whatsoever." His first entry in that secret record indicates the proposed contents of the book, thus—"My own private story, my love adventures, my rambles ; the frowns and smiles of Fortune on my bardship ; my poems and fragments that must never see the light—these shall be occasionally inserted."

The reason which he states for procuring the book is that, while he fain would have some confidential friend to laugh or be grave with him, he yet doubts the possibility "of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship, as that one man may pour out his every thought and floating fancy, with unreserved confidence, to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man.—For those reasons (he adds) I am determined to make these pages my confidant."

The present, and all previous biographical notices of Burns, and every collection of his writings honestly intended to supply public demand, form together a strange commentary on the above passage. When the bard felt himself dying, he lamented his then physical disability, and his lost opportunities, to arrange his papers so that none of his writings should go forth to the world except such as might sustain his moral and literary reputation. He also expressed such rueful anticipations of damage to his good name from the raking up of every little incident in his history by

“hackney scribblers,”—that in these days, we may well wonder how so little regard has been paid to injunctions and wishes thus recorded, both in the day of his strength, and in the night of his woe. The world, however, has decided, in spite of the bard’s protestations, that every scrap—good, bad, and indifferent—he is known to have penned, shall be brought to light and examined; and that no incident in his life is too petty to be rehearsed and made the subject of comment.

The editor of these volumes would fain escape from the necessity of including in this collection such trifling versicles as, now and again, he must lay before the reader. Few of those referred to are equal in quality to the author’s avowed compositions; and the authenticity of certain of them is neither vouched by the production of the poet’s manuscript, nor made sure by the native ring and flow which characterize the true lines of Burns. But be they what they may, the editor feels bound to be chary in excluding pieces that have already been adopted in previous standard editions of the poet’s works.]

EPIGRAM AT ROSLIN INN.

(HOGG AND MOTHERWELL, 1835.)

My blessings on ye, honest wife !	
I ne’er was here before ;	
Ye’ve wealth o’ <i>gear</i> for spoon and knife—	supply
Heart could not wish for more.	
Heav’n keep you clear o’ <i>sturt</i> and strife,	trouble
Till far <i>ayont</i> fourscore,	beyond
And while I <i>toddle</i> on thro’ life,	saunter
I’ll ne’er <i>gae by</i> your door !	go past

EPIGRAM ADDRESSED TO AN ARTIST.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

DEAR ———, I’ll gie ye some advice,
 You’ll tak it no uncivil :
 You shouldna paint at angels mair,
 But try and paint the devil.

To paint an Angel's *kittle wark*, ticklish work
 Wi' Nick, there's little danger :
 You'll easy draw a *lang-kent* face, long-known
 But no *sae weel* a stranger.—R. B. so well

[Chambers tells us, in reference to the first of these verses, that Alexander Nasmyth, who painted the well-known portrait of Burns, had occasional rambles with the poet in the early spring of 1787, in the suburbs of Edinburgh. According to the information of that artist's son, they had also a few convivial sederunts within the city at night; and on one of those occasions, they tarried so long over the wine, that, instead of each going home in the morning, they agreed to take a refreshing walk to the Pentland Hills. After a fine ramble on the moors, they crossed eastward, by way of Penicuik to Roslin, and had breakfast at the inn there, then kept by Mrs. David Wilson. The cheer provided put Burns into such good humor, that he scrawled these complimentary lines to his hostess, on the back of a wooden platter. Chambers' version differs from our text in the last line but one, and is unnecessarily strong in its language, thus:—"And by the Lord o' death and life."

EPIGRAM TO AN ARTIST.—According to Chambers, Burns was taken by a friend to the studio of a well-known artist in Edinburgh, whom he found engaged on a representation of Jacob's dream; and after minutely examining the work, he wrote these lines on the back of a little sketch which is still preserved in the painter's family.

It would have been satisfactory to be told the name of the artist who was so familiar with the Devil's physiognomy, and so much ignored by Angels.]

THE BOOK-WORMS.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

THROUGH and through th' inspir'd leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings;
 But O respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare the golden bindings.

[On visiting a nobleman in Edinburgh (it is said), Burns was shewn into the library, where stood a Shakespeare splendidly

bound, but time-worn, and unaided by occasional use. He found the leaves sadly worm-eaten, and wrote the above epigram on the ample margin of one of its pages.

Long after our poet's death, some one happened to open the book, and found the lines in the unmistakeable hand-writing of Burns.]

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

(STEWART, 1801.)

O THOU whom Poesy abhors,
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors,
Heard'st thou yon groan?—proceed no further,
'Twas laurel'd Martial calling "murther."

[Burns himself thus narrates, in one of his letters to Clarinda, the incident that gave rise to the foregoing very pointed epigram —"A Mr. Elphinstone has given a translation of Martial, a famous Latin poet. The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop of my acquaintance, waiting somebody; he put Elphinstone into my hand, and asked my opinion of it. I begged leave to write it on a blank leaf, which I did."]

SONG—A BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

"There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man,
Fal la, la," &c.

HERE's a bottle and an honest friend!

What *wad* ye wish for *mair*, man? would more
Wha kens, before his life may end, who knows
What his share may be o' care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man :
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man.

[This happy little strain was reproduced in Pickering's edition, with the motto prefixed, which had been left out by Cromek. The editor states that the verses are printed from a copy in Burns's handwriting.]

Lines written under the picture of
the celebrated Miss Burns.

(STEWART, 1801.)

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess :
True it is, she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less ?

[There can be no doubt that this frail beauty resided in Edinburgh during the period of our poet's first sojourn there. Kay, in his Edinburgh Portraits, has two pictures of her ; one of these is dated 1785, and the other is undated. Her real name was Matthews ; and she represented herself as being a native of Durham, in which city her father had been a substantial merchant. Her personal demeanor and superior education betokened an acquaintance with the better class of society ; and she accounted for her degraded position by explaining that her mother died, and her father contracted a second marriage with a woman who rendered her life so miserable, that she was glad to escape from control. She left Edinburgh about the end of 1787, and returned in 1789. The reader will hear of her again in the poet's correspondence about the latter date.]

Miss Burns.

"CEASE YE PRUDES, YOUR ENVIOUS RAILING,
LOVELY BURNS HAS CHARMS, CONFESS."



EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM NICOL, OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

(WM. CLARK'S ED., 1831.)

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts you've gotten;
 And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
 For *deil a bit o't's* rotten. deuce a bit of it is

(Nicol was a Dumfries-shire man. Burns became acquainted with him during his first visit to Edinburgh. He accompanied the poet on his northern tour, and subsequently bought the farm of Laggan, Glencairn parish, and thus became Burns's neighbor. He was a man of remarkable vigor of mind, hot temper, social habits, and given to express himself freely and strongly—in short, altogether after Burns's own heart. Some think that it was at the househeating of Laggan that he "brewed the peck o' maut," so widely famed. At all events Nicol is the Willie and his colleague Masterton, the Allan.—J. H.)

EPITAPH FOR MR. WILLIAM MICHIE,

SCHOOLMASTER OF CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes,
 O Satan, when ye tak him,
 Gie him the *schul'in* o' your weans, schooling
 For clever deils he'll mak them!

[Cunningham says that Michie was introduced to Burns in Edinburgh: but no farther information has been vouchsafed to us regarding this clever dominie.]

BOAT-SONG.—HEY, CA' THRO'.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

UP wi' the carls o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.*

Chorus.—Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado ;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
 An' we hae sangs to sing ;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 An' we hae pints to bring.
 Hey, ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that comes behin',
 Let them do the like,
 An' spend the gear they win.
 Hey, ca' thro', &c.

[There is much of wholesome philosophy in this canty little snatch. We believe that no portion of it was ever seen in print until its appearance in *Johnson*. It has all the appearance of being a revision of an old piece, possibly of an old Fife song repeated or sung to him by his friend Michie. "Whether a revision or original," says Waddell, "it is at least a most characteristic sketch of fisherman life on the coast of Fife, where the Scotch is highly impregnated with the reckless old Dutch and Norwegian sea-faring element."—J. H.]

* All fishing villages on the Fife coast.—J. H.

ADDRESS TO WM. TYTLER, ESQ., OF WOOD-
HOUSELEE,

WITH AN IMPRESSION OF THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.*

(CURRIE, 1800.)

REVERÉD defender of beauteous Stuart,†
Of Stuart, a name once respected;
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne:
My fathers have died to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.‡

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry:
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avowed by my country.

* This presentation copy of Beugo's engraving is now in the possession of David Laing, Esq., LL.D.

† Mr. Tytler's "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots" appeared in the year our poet was born, and reached a fourth edition. In 1783, he edited the poems of King James I. of Scotland.

‡ The poet's ancestors were farmers in the Mearns on the estate of the Earl Marischal, now represented by the Earl of Kintore. The Keiths (the family name of this noble family) were keen Jacobites, and Burns does not doubt his fathers followed them to the field. A statue to the famed Marshal Keith, attainted in 1715, now ornaments Berlin. See Autobiography, p. 334, vol. I, with note.—J. H.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
 That gave us th' Electoral stem?
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.*

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground;
 Who knows how the fashions may alter?
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night:
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

My muse jilted me here, and turned a corner on
 me, and I have not got again into her good graces.

. . . †

Do me the justice to believe me sincere in my
 grateful remembrance of the many civilities you have
 honored me with since I came to Edinburgh, and in
 assuring you that I have the honor to be, revered Sir,
 Your obliged and very humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

LAWNMARKET, *Friday noon.*

(*Addressed*) MR. TYTLER of Woodhouselee, New Street.

*Currie gave only the first line of this verse, asterisks supplying the rest.

†Three lines of the poet's MS., here carefully obliterated, most likely containing some ultra-Jacobite sally.—J. H.

[It seems evident that the above was forwarded to the poet's venerable correspondent on the 4th May 1787,—just the day before he started on the Border tour with Robert Ainslie. The poet had frequent interviews with Mr. Tytler, in connection with the music and letter-press for *Johnson's Museum* which Mr. Tytler had hitherto superintended. The first volume of that work appeared about the end of May; and Burns relieved that gentleman of such editorial labors in respect of the succeeding volumes, he being then in his seventy-seventh year.

Mr. Tytler survived to 12th Sept. 1792, a healthy and happy old man: his prescription for all who desired to enjoy like blessings, was "temperate meals, good music, and a sound conscience." The original manuscript of our text is now in possession of Mr. Tytler's great grandson, Colonel Fraser Tytler of Aldourie.]

EPIGRAM TO MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant,
Not *Angels* such as you.

[Among the intimacies formed by Burns in Edinburgh, was that contracted with Mr. Robert Ainslie, son of a farmer at Berriewell near Dunse, then a writer's clerk, and afterwards a Writer to the Signet. After the publication of his Edinburgh Edition Burns set out on a riding tour through the borders. Mr. Ainslie accompanied him as far as Berriewell, where they arrived Saturday 5th May. Next day, Burns attended the church at Dunse, and the minister gave out a text containing a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners. Seeing Miss Ainslie engaged in a search for it, Burns asked for her Bible, and immediately wrote the above lines on the inner board, and presented it for her perusal.

The poet kept a Journal of his tour, and his entry under Sunday May 6th, is the following—"Went to church at Dunse, Dr. Bowmaker, a man of strong lungs and pretty judicious remark; but ill-skilled in propriety, and altogether unconscious of the want of it."

Of Miss Ainslie, the poet's Journal makes frequent mention, in very complimentary terms. The last of these is under 23d May—

"Found Miss Ainslie—the amiable, the sensible, the good-humored, the sweet Miss Ainslie—all alone at Berriewell. Heavenly powers, who know the weakness of human hearts, support mine! . . . Charming Rachel! may thy bosom never be wrung by the evils of this life of sorrows, or by the villany of this world's sons."

Chambers informs us that she died unmarried, upwards of sixty years old.—J. H.]

BURLESQUE LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF WILLIAM CREECH, PUBLISHER.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

Auld chuckie Reekie's * sair distress, <sup>old brood hen }
(mother)</sup>
Down droops her ance weel burnish'd crest,
Nae joy her bonie *buskit* nest ^{decorated}
Can yield *awa*, ^{at all}
Her darling bird that she *lo'es* best— ^{loves}
Willie's *awa*. ^{away}

O Willie was a witty *wight*, ^{man of mark}
And had o' things an unco' sleight,
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And *trig* an *braw* : neat ^{elegant}
But now they'll *busk* her like a fright,— ^{decorate}
Willie's *awa* !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The *bauldest* o' them a' he *cow'd*; <sup>boldest }
frightened }</sup>
They *durst* nae mair than he allow'd, ^{dared}
That was a law :
We've lost a *birkie* weel worth *gowd*; <sup>sharp fellow }
gold }</sup>
Willie's *awa* !

* Few readers will require to be told that "Auld Reekie" means Edinburgh, so designed from the smoke of its many chimneys hovering over the city. The poet here refers to that city under the figure of the maternal hen with her brood of chickens.

Scar'd frae it's *minnie* and the *cleckin*, mother brood
 By *hoodie-craw* ; hooded crow
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin,
 Willie's awa !

Now ev'ry *sour-mou'd girnin blellum*,*
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;
 Ilk self-conceited critic *skellum* blockhead
 His quill may draw ; perfectly
 He wha could *brawlie* ward their *bellum*— attack }
 Willie's awa !

Up *wimpling* stately Tweed I've sped, winding
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks, now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw ;
 But every joy and pleasure 's fled,
 Willie's awa ! †

May I be Slander's common speech ;
 A text for Infamy to preach ;
 And lastly, *streekit* out to bleach stretched
 In winter snaw ;
 When I forget thee, WILLIE CREECH,
 Tho' far awa !

May never wicked Fortune touzle him ! ‡
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !
 Until a *pow* as *auld's* Methusalem head old
 He *canty claw* ! cheery scratch
 Then to the blessed new Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa !

[The above poem was inclosed in a letter to Mr. Creech, then in London, written from the principal Inn of Selkirk during the

*Sour-mouthed, ill-conditioned blusterer.

† This verse is not in the original MS.

‡ Handle him roughly.—J. H.

poet's Border tour, on Sunday 13th May. He addresses Mr. Creech as "his honored friend," and tells him that the verses were just written "nearly extempore after a miserable, wet day's riding." We have been favored by the representatives of Mr. Creech with an inspection of the original manuscript, and accordingly are enabled to present the text in a more correct form than Cromek gave it. A note by the poet, addressed to Mr. Creech, four days after the foregoing was penned, is preserved in Burns's Monument at Edinburgh, in which he claims respect for it on this odd ground: "I am miserably fou, consequently it must be the sentiments of my heart." This was written from Berriewell, on the day after a late dinner "at Dunse with the Farmers' Club—company, impossible to do them justice."

Mr. Creech was frequently in the Council and Magistracy of Edinburgh. His first election as Bailie was in October 1788; and from October 1811 to October 1813, he officiated as Lord Provost. His death occurred on 14th January, 1815.]

NOTE TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON.

(CHAMBERS, 1851.)

YOUR billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
 Wi' you I'll canter *ony gate*,^{anywhere}
 Tho' 'twere a trip to yon *blue warl*,*
 Whare *birkies* march on burning marl: ^{fellows}
 Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
 And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. BURNS.

[In the course of the poet's border tour, he was in the neighborhood of Berwick-on-Tweed, on 19th May. Chambers says, "there is reason to think that Mr. Renton attempted on that occasion to form an appointment with Burns for a meeting and ride together." The poet makes no reference to this matter in his journal; but the above rhymed note in the bard's handwriting has been found among Mr. Renton's papers. That gentleman's country seat was Mordington House, near Berwick.]

* Hell—so named from the color of the flame of burning brimstone. Hence the vulgar phrase "A blue look-out."—J. H.

ELEGY ON "STELLA."

(ALEX. SMITH'S ED., 1865.)

The following poem is the work of some hapless son of the Muses who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of 'The voice of Cona' in his solitary, mournful notes; and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language, they would have been no discredit even to that elegant poet.—*R. B.*

STRAIT is the spot and green the sod
From whence my sorrows flow;
And soundly sleeps the ever dear
Inhabitant below.

Pardon my transport, gentle shade,
While o'er the turf I bow;
Thy earthly house is circumscrib'd,
And solitary now.

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,
Or make thy virtues known;
But what avails to me—to thee,
The sculpture of a stone?*

From thy lov'd friends, when first thy heart
Was taught by Heav'n to glow,
Far, far remov'd, the ruthless stroke
Surpris'd, and laid thee low.

At the last limits of our isle,
Wash'd by the western wave,
Touch'd by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely by thy grave.

* Eight stanzas omitted, see note (1).

Pensive he eyes, before him spread
 The deep, outstretch'd and vast;
 His mourning notes are borne away
 Along the rapid blast.*⁽²⁾

Him too the stern impulse of Fate
 Resistless bears along;
 And the same rapid tide shall overwhelm
 The Poet and the Song.

The tear of pity which he sheds,
 He asks not to receive;
 Let but his poor remains be laid
 Obscurely in the grave.

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,
 Shall meet the welcome shock:
 His airy harp shall lie unstrung,
 And silent as the rock.

O my dear maid, my Stella, when
 Shall this sick period close,
 And lead the solitary bard
 To his belov'd repose?

[The preceding ten stanzas, which form a kind of connected whole, are progressively culled from a monotonous effusion twenty verses long, that was transcribed by Burns into a manuscript book containing many of his early productions, and presented by him to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop. Burns, in his heading prefixed to the elegy, does not claim it as his own; but even if it were certain that Burns was not the author, still (as Alex. Smith observes) "the knowledge that he admired it, and that through his agency it alone exists, is considered sufficient excuse for its admission here."] (Assuming the piece to be Burns's, its most probable association is with that mysterious excursion to the West Highlands, towards which, it has been surmised, he was drawn by his feelings regarding Mary Campbell. Chambers says: "It is not unlikely that he visited her relations at Greenock. Imagination

*Two stanzas omitted, see note (2).

fondly pauses to behold him stretched on her grave in the West Kirkyard, bewailing her untimely severance from his arms."—J. H.)

We append the stanzas omitted in our abridgment of this singular piece.

(1) I'll sit me down upon this turf, and wipe the rising tear :
The chill blast passes swiftly by, and flits around thy bier.

Dark is the dwelling of the dead, and sad their house of rest :
Low lies the head, by death's cold arms in awful fold embrac'd.

I saw the grim Avenger stand incessant by thy side,
Unseen by thee ; his deadly breath thy lingering frame destroy'd.

Pale grew the roses on thy cheek, and wither'd was thy bloom,
Till the slow poison brought thy youth untimely to the tomb.

Thus wasted are the ranks of men—youth, health, and beauty fall ;
The ruthless ruin spread around, and overwhelms us all.

Behold where, round thy narrow house, the graves unnumber'd lie ;
The multitude that sleep below existed but to die.

Some, with the tottering steps of age, trod down the darksome way ;
And some, in youth's lamented prime, like thee were torn away :

Yet these, however hard their fate, their native earth receives ;
Amid their weeping friends they died, and fill their father's graves.

(2) And while, amid the silent dead thy hapless fate I mourn,
My own long sorrows freshly bleed, and all my griefs return :

Like thee, cut off in early youth, and flower of beauty's pride,
My friend, my first and only joy, my much lov'd Stella died.

THE BARD AT INVERARY.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord *their* God, " His Grace."

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger :
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger.

[The irritation of the poet is farther shewn by the only scrap of correspondence which has reached us, dated from one of the stages of his journey. It is addressed to his friend Ainslie, thus—"Arrochar, by Loch Long June 27, 1787.—I write you this on my tour thro' a country where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which starvingly support as savage inhabitants. My last stage was Inverary; to-morrow night's stage will be Dumbarton." It is understood that the bile of the poet was roused at Inverary, because, in consequence of the superabundance of guests or visitors at the Castle, several of these had to be accommodated at the Inn, and the landlord had no consideration to bestow on passing travellers like Burns. Perhaps he had announced himself, reckoning on the names of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle heading his subscription list, and was mortified to find that the bard's name was unknown in that locality. Dr. Grierson, who, Waddell says, accompanied Burns, gives the following as a copy of the verses on the window-pane of the inn at Inverary, which he says Burns wrote in his presence.

Whoe'er thou art that lodgest here,
Heaven help thy woful case;
Unless thou com'st to visit Him,
That King of Kings, his Grace.

There's Highland greed, there's Highland pride,
There's Highland scab and hunger;
If Heaven it was that sent me here,
It sent me in an anger.

If Dr. Grierson really accompanied Burns the latter version is probably given from memory, but the fact that Dr. G. is never again referred to and the strange loss of "the important series of letters" invest the whole story with an air of suspicion.—J. H.]

EPIGRAM TO MISS JEAN SCOTT.

(STEWART, 1801.)

O HAD each Scot of ancient times
Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art;
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

[This appears to be the proper place to introduce the above. She is designed "of Ayr." Nothing whatever is known regarding her, or the incident that called forth the compliment.]

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.,
BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
THE AUTHOR.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung ;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound he gave—
Can point the brimful care-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

[A scroll-copy of this fine effusion, containing the following suppressed verse, and shewing sundry erasures and alterations, having fallen into Allan Cunningham's hands, he plumed himself on having recovered a fresh stanza, which he printed immediately before the last verse but one.

"Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief,"

The reader, however, must perceive that the four lines rejected by the poet form an incompleted sentence, which would require to be carried into another stanza. This did not accord with the author's plan, and therefore he sacrificed the beautiful lines rather than spoil his poem, which is perfect without them.

Burns was on very intimate terms with Miss Isabella M'Leod, during his first winter-sojourn in Edinburgh. An elder sister of hers, Miss Flora M'Leod, had, in 1779, married Colonel James Mure-Campbell of Rowallan, who, in 1782, succeeded to the Earldom of Loudon. That lady, however, died on 3rd Sep. 1780, a few hours after giving birth to her only child, Flora, who became Countess of Loudon at the age of only six years, when her father died, in 1786. Through Mr. Gavin Hamilton, who was factor for the unfortunate Earl and the young Countess, Burns had been introduced to the M'Leod family. Dr. Johnson, in his tour in the Hebrides (1773), thus notices that household:—"The family of Raasay consists of the laird, the lady, three sons, and ten daughters. For the sons there is a tutor in the house, and the lady is said to be very skilful and diligent in the education of her girls. More gentleness of manners, or a more pleasing appearance of domestic society, is not to be found in the most polished countries."

Such is a sample of the society which received Burns on the footing of friendship in Edinburgh. He afterwards composed a song, "Raving winds around her blowing," referring to Isabella M'Leod's grief for the loss of family ties by death. Her brother John's death occurred on 20th July, 1787, while the poet was residing at Mossgiel, after his trip to Inverary, Loch Long, and Dumbarton, and possibly Greenock.]

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

“This performance is but mediocre, but my grief was sincere. The last time I saw the worthy, public-spirited man—a man he was! how few of the two-legged breed that pass for such, deserve the designation!—he pressed my hand, and asked me with the most friendly warmth if it was in his power to serve me; and if so, that I would oblige him by telling him how. I had nothing to ask of him; but if ever a child of his should be so unfortunate as to be under the necessity of asking anything of so poor a man as I am, it may not be in my power to grant it, but, by G— I shall try!”—*R. B. in Glenriddell MSS.*

THE lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
Th’ inconstant blast howl’d thro’ the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander’d by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov’d haunts of Scotia’s royal train;*
Or mus’d where limpid streams, once hallow’d, well,†
Or mould’ring ruins mark the sacred fane.‡

Th’ increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing’d, flew o’er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And ’mong the cliffs disclos’d a stately form
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix’d her wailings with the raving storm.

* The King’s Park, at Holyrood House.—*R. B.*

† Saint Anthony’s well.—*R. B.*

‡ St. Anthony’s Chapel.—*R. B.*

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

“My patriot son fills an untimely grave !”
With accents wild and lifted arms—she cried ;
“Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride.

“A weeping country joins a widow's tear ;
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier ;
And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh !

“I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow :
But ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

“My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name !
No ; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

“And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last ;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs !”—
She said, and vanished with the sweeping blast.

[Sir James Hunter Blair was Lord Provost of Edinburgh from Oct. 1784 to Oct. 1786, and "old Provost" in 1786-87. His death happened on 1st July 1787, while in the prime of life and usefulness; and it was with no venal feeling that Burns penned the above tribute to his memory. He forwarded a copy to his friend Mr. Robert Aiken of Ayr, with these words appended:—"My honored friend, the melancholy occasion of the foregoing poem affects not only individuals, but a country. That I have lost a friend is but repeating after Caledonia."]

TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

NAE heathen name shall I prefix,
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
 Auld Reekie *dings* them a' to sticks,* beats
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
 Made Homer deep their debtor;
 But, gien the body half an e'e,† would have
 Nine Ferriers *wad* done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
 Down George's Street I *stoited*; stumbled
 A creeping *could* prosaic fog cold
 My very senses *doited*. benumbed

Do what I *dought* to set her free, could
 My *saul* lay in the mire; soul
 Ye turned a *neuk*—I saw your *e'e*— corner eye
 She took the wing like fire!

* Edinburgh surpasses them all infinitely.—J. H.

† But given that Homer had had half an eye.—J. H.

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
 In gratitude I send you,
 And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,
A' gude things may attend you ! all good

[The above off-hand lines were addressed to a sister of Miss Ferrier, the distinguished novelist, on the cover which enclosed a copy of the preceding poem. The original manuscript was long in the possession of Miss Grace Aiken, daughter of the Ayr patron of Burns. Mr. James Ferrier, W.S., father of these ladies, resided in George Street, Edinburgh, a few doors west of St. Andrew's Church. Chambers gives his name as "John," but we follow Lockhart, who refers to him as one of Sir Walter Scott's brethren at the Clerk's table in the Court of Session. The poet arrived in Edinburgh from Ayrshire on 7th August, and shortly thereafter finished his Elegy on the death of Blair.]

IMPROMPTU ON CARRON IRON WORKS.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WE <i>cam na</i> here to view your warks,	came not
In hopes to be mair wise,	
But only, lest we <i>gang</i> to hell,	go
It may be nae surprise :	
But when we <i>tirl'd</i> at your door	rung
Your porter <i>dought na</i> hear us ;	could not
Sae may, shou'd we to Hell's <i>yetts</i> come,	gates
Your <i>billy</i> Satan <i>sair</i> us !	brother serve

[From the 7th of August, when the poet arrived in Edinburgh, after three months absence, to the 25th of that month, he lodged in the house of Mr. William Nicol, teacher; and with that gentleman he set out in a chaise, by way of Linlithgow, Falkirk, and Stirling, on a northern tour which lasted three weeks. The travellers zigzagged a little on the route between the two latter places, in hope of seeing the celebrated iron works of Carron; but the day being a Sunday, they were disappointed of admission. They consoled themselves with a rest at the Inn; and Burns, with his diamond pen, wrote the above lines on a window there.]

WRITTEN BY SOMEBODY ON THE WINDOW

OF AN INN AT STIRLING, ON SEEING THE ROYAL
PALACE IN RUINS.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained ;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands ;
Fallen indeed, and to the earth,
Whence grovelling reptiles take their birth.
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne ;
An idiot race, to honor lost ;
Who know them best despise them most.

[The travellers arrived at Stirling on Sunday 26th August. Next morning, the poet left Nicol there, and proceeded alone on horseback, to visit the relatives of his friend Gavin Hamilton, at Harvieston, several miles eastward on the Banks of the Devon. He returned to Stirling at night, and next day, the tour with Mr. Nicol was resumed.

The above lines therefore were in all probability inscribed on the Sunday evening. They soon gave rise to considerable public excitement, and were made the subject of animadversions in the newspapers, and elsewhere. A few months later, when he waited upon certain influential gentry in regard to his Excise scheme, this trifle was revived against him. In one of his letters to Clarinda in January 1788, he thus writes :—"I was questioned like a child about my matters, and blamed and schooled for my Inscription on the Stirling window." Clarinda in answer says—"I'm half glad you were school'd about the Inscription ; 'twill be a lesson, I hope, in future. Clarinda would have lectured you on it before, if she durst."

The quaint heading to our text is the poet's own in the Glenriddell copy, the fifth and sixth lines of which appear for the first time in the Edinburgh Edition published by Mr. Paterson. Lockhart remarks, that Burns must have composed these lines *after dinner* ; and adds, that "the poetry, as well as

the sentiment, 'smells of the smith's shop.' The last couplet was indeed an outrage which no political prejudice could have made a gentleman approve."']

THE POET'S REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS CRITIC.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

My imprudent lines were answered, very petulantly, by *somebody*, I believe, a Rev. Mr Hamilton. In a MS., where I met the answer, I wrote below:—

With Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
Each other blow, but d-mn that ass's heel!

[It was the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, minister of the parish of Gladsmuir in East Lothian, to whom Burns here refers. The Reverend gentleman came to Stirling shortly after the poet left and seeing the caustic lines on the window wrote the following sonnet by way of answer.

"Thus wretches rail whom sordid gain
Drags in Faction's gilded chain;
But can a mind which fame inspires,
Where genius lights her brightest fires—
Can Burns, disdaining truth and law,
Faction's venom'd dagger draw;
And, skulking with a villain's aim,
Basely stab his monarch's fame?
Yes, Burns, 'tis o'er, thy race is run,
And shades receive thy setting sun:
With pain thy wayward fate I see,
And mourn the lot that's doomed for thee:
These few rash lines will damn thy name,
And blast thy hopes of future fame."—J. H.]

THE LIBELLER'S SELF-REPROOF.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like
the Bible,
Says, the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel!

[Burns does not enter this in his own record of the affair, given in the two preceding articles : the authenticity of the lines is therefore very doubtful. They are probably Cunningham's own ; for we are not aware that they were ever seen till he published them. His story concerning them is as follows :—The poet seems not to have been very sensible at the time of his imprudence ; for some one said, "Burns, this will do you no good !—'I shall reprove myself,' he said, and wrote these aggravating words."

On a subsequent visit to Stirling with Dr. Adair, who furnished Dr. Currie with an account of the journey, his fellow-traveller thus refers to the Stirling inscription :—"The poet's indignation had vented itself in some imprudent, but not unpoetical lines, which had given much offence, and which he took this opportunity of erasing, by breaking the pane of the window at the inn on which they were written."]

VERSES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE PARLOR OF THE
INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.*

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side,
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,

*Taymouth is the magnificent castle of the Earl of Breadalbane, next to the Duke of Argyle, the highest member of the clan Campbell. It is situated in the west of Perthshire, near the source of the Tay, amid grand Highland scenery.
—J. H.



The Birks of Aberfeldy.

"THE BRAES ASCEND LIKE LOFTY WA'S,
THE FOAMY STREAM DEEP-ROARING FAS."

The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her
scan,

And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

[The poet and Mr. Nicol arrived at this beautiful spot in the course of Wednesday, 29th August. The note in the Journal is simply "Taymouth—described in rhyme—meet the Hon. Charles Townshend." The truthfulness of Burns's description will be felt by all who know the locality.]

SONG—THE *BIRKS* OF ABERFELDY. *Birches*

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

Chor.—Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy!

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The little birdies blythely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels *hing*, hang
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, &c.

The *braes* ascend like lofty *wa's*, hills walls
 The foamy stream deep-roaring *fa's*, falls
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading *shaws*— woods
 The birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the *burnie* pours, streamlet
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, &c.

[The author's note in the Glenriddell volume is as follows:—
 "I composed these stanzas standing under the Falls of Moness,
 near Aberfeldy." From the journal of his Highland tour in 1787,
 we learn that this was on Thursday, 30th August. The beautiful
 air to which it was composed was printed by Playford, so early
 as in 1657, as a "Scotch Ayre." Burns's chorus corresponds
 entirely with that of the old song to which it was sung—"The
 birks of Abergeldy"—the words of which are quite in the
 nursery-style, thus—

"Ye shall get a gown of silk, a gown of silk, a gown of silk,
 Ye shall get a gown of silk, and coat of calimanco."

(Abergeldy (or rather Abergeldie) is on the river Dee in the
 Highlands of Aberdeenshire, and close to the royal residence,
 Balmoral. The estate is now the property of the Prince of
 Wales. The birches along the Deeside there are of exquisite

beauty. Burns robbed Abergeldie of its musical treasure and conferred it on Aberfeldy, in Perthshire. He never saw Abergeldie else he would not have despoiled it.—J. H.)

We subjoin the melody from the *Museum*. Be it remarked, however, that Burns's lyric sings charmingly as a Duet, when the contralto is taken by a male voice of fine quality.]

Air—"The Berks of Aberfeldy."

Bo - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go, Bo - nie
 las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy. Now Sim - mer
 blinks on flow - ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal stream - let plays; Come
 let us spend the light - some days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

My lord, I know, your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.*

*Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.—R. B.

The lightly-jumpin, *glowrin* trouts, open-eyed
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening *stanes* amang, stones
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I *grat* wi' spite and *teen*, wept vexation
 As poet Burns came by,
 That, to a bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry ;
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Ev'n as I was, he *shor'd* me ; gave
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, *wad* ador'd me. would have

Here, foaming down the *skelvy* rocks, shelving
 In twisting strength I *rin* ; run
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a *linn* : cascade
 Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,
 Worth *gaun* a mile to see. going

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonie spreading bushes.
 Delighted doubly then, my lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen *mony* a grateful bird many
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober *lav'rock*, warbling wild, lark
 Shall to the skies aspire ;
 The *gowdspink*, Music's gayest child, goldfinch
 Shall sweetly join the choir ;
 The blackbird strong, the *lintwhite* clear, linnet
 The *mavis* mild and mellow ; thrush
 The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow.

This too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward *maukin* sleep secure, hare
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
 Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
 From prone-descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds, with all their wealth,
 As empty idle care ;
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms,
 The hour of heav'n to grace ;
 And *birks* extend their fragrant arms birches
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain grey ;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,*
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

* The harvest-moon.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry-bed :
 Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band *
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honor'd native land !
 So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonie lasses !"

[In the spring of this year, the poet had met, at the house of Dr. Blacklock, a young man of aspiring literary tastes, named Josiah Walker, then a tutor to the family of the Duke of Athole, and subsequently professor of Latin in the University of Glasgow. Burns, in the course of his tour with Mr. Nicol, stopped at Blair-Athole, after a ride up the Tummel, on the evening of Friday, 31st August. The entry in his Journal is : "Sup with the Duchess—easy and happy from the manners of the family—confirmed in my good opinion of my friend Walker." It was happily arranged that Mr. Nicol should be temptingly engaged at his favorite amusement of fishing, while the poet was prevailed on to spend two days with the Duke's family, and the visitors who then happened to be at Blair. The Saturday and Sunday (1st and 2nd September) which Burns passed there, he afterwards declared were the happiest days in his life. The poem which forms the text is inserted in the Glenriddell MSS. and the following note is appended in the poet's autograph :—"God, who knows all things, knows how my heart aches with the throes of gratitude, whenever I recollect my reception at the noble house of Athole."

The poem in the text was rapidly composed ; for, two days after leaving Blair, the author enclosed it in a letter to Mr.

* The young family of the Duke and Duchess of Athole.

Walker from Inverness, (5th Sep.) with these remarks,—“I have just time to write the foregoing, and to tell you that it was, at least the most part of it, the effusion of a half hour I spent at Bruar. I do not mean it was *extempore*, for I have endeavored to brush it up as well as Mr. Nicol’s chat and the jogging of the chaise would allow.”

LINES ON THE FALL OF FYERS,

NEAR LOCH-NESS.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, ON THE SPOT.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, thro’ a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo’s ear, astonished, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show’rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding low’rs :
 Still thro’ the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still, below, the horrid caldron boils—

* * * * *

[The poet visited this grand spectacle on Wednesday, 5th September. After returning from his drive to the Falls, he dined by appointment with William Inglis, Esq., afterwards Provost of Inverness, who had a party to meet him. It is remembered that, although he spoke rapturously of the Highland scenery, he seemed in rather a silent and thoughtful mood throughout the evening.

Professor John Wilson produced a prose description of the scene sketched by Burns in the foregoing vigorous couplets, from which we make the following extract:—“That cataract, if descending on a cathedral, would shatter down the pile into a million fragments. But it meets the black foundations of the cliff, and flies up to the starless heaven in a storm of spray. . . . The very solid

globe of earth quakes through her entrails. . . . Has some hill-loch burst its barrier? For, what a world of waters comes now tumbling into the abyss! Niagara! hast thou a fiercer roar? Listen, and you think there are momentary pauses of the thunder, filled up with goblin groans! All the military music bands of the army of Britain would here be dumb as mutes—trumpet, cymbal, and the great drum!”

The eloquent writer of the above passage criticises Burns's talent for description, thus:—"Seldom setting himself to describe visual objects, but when he is under strong emotion, he seems to have taken considerable pains when he did, to produce something striking; and though he never fails on such occasions to do so, yet he is sometimes ambitious over much, and, though never feeble, becomes bombastic, as in his lines on the Fall of Fyers:

'And viewless Echo's ear astonished rends.'

We humbly think that the beautiful idea presented in that line does not "overstep the modesty of Nature," under the circumstances. The one line of Burns suggests all that Christopher North so well, but so elaborately, said in his four columns of *Blackwood*.]

EPIGRAM ON PARTING WITH A KIND HOST IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
(A time that surely shall come),
In Heav'n itself I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

[More than one stage in the poet's Highland Tour must have presented occasion for grateful expressions like these. Immediately on leaving Inverness, his Journal records as follows:—"Thursday [6th September] Come over Culloden Muir—reflections on the field of battle—Breakfast at Kilraick (Kilravock), old Mrs. Rose, sterling sense, warm heart, strong passions, and honest pride, all in uncommon degree. Mrs. Rose, jun., a little milder than the mother. . . . Mrs. Rose and Mr. Grant accompany us to Kildrummie—two young ladies—Miss Ross, who sang two Gaelic songs, beautiful and lovely—Miss Sophie Brodie, not very beautiful, but most agree-

able and amiable—both of them the gentlest, the mildest, sweetest creatures on earth—happiness be with them!”

We introduce the above extract from the poet's Journal to show how his passion for “Morag” and other Gaelic airs took root. Immediately thereafter, he is found composing words for Highland melodies which appeared in Johnson's second volume, issued in February 1788. These we shall present in their probable order.]

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THICKEST night, surround my dwelling !
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Roaring by my lonely cave !
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of Right engagèd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honor's war we strongly wagèd,
 But the heavens deny'd success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend.

[In his notes furnished for Mr. Riddell, the poet states that his friend, Allan Masterton, who was a musical amateur, as well as a teacher of writing in Edinburgh, composed the air to which these verses are set in the *Museum*. “As he and I (he adds) were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But to tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*.”*]

* This unsubstantial, sentimental kind of Jacobitism was widely prevalent in Scotland, even in the Lowlands, for long after Burns's day. Robert Chambers

The date of this Lament may be inferred from a marginal marking on the poet's manuscript, now in the British Museum. In connection with the fifth line—"Crystal streamlets gently flowing," he places this note :—" (A suggestion merely,)

Streams, the pride of orient plains,
Never bound in Winter's chains."

That couplet he accordingly made use of in his poem on "Castle Gordon," which subject was presented at a later stage of his Highland tour. He passed through Strathallan on the same day he left Stirling. The words are supposed to be descriptive of the feelings of James Drummond, Viscount of Strathallan, who, after his father's death at Culloden, escaped with several of his countrymen to France, where he died.

A first draft of the MS. of this song, communicated by Henry Probasco, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio, shews a vast difference in some passages. It begins, "Thickest darkness shrouds," and the second stanza reads thus :—

Farewell fleeting, fickle treasure,
Between Mishap and Folly shared !
Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure !
Farewell flattering Man's regard !

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er me,
Nor dare a hope my fate attend ;
The wide world is all before me,
But a world without a friend.

CASTLE GORDON.*

(CURRIE, 1800.)

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains ;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There immixed with foulest stains
From Tyranny's empurpled hands :

shared in it. It may be referred to three causes : (1) The Stuart family were more directly associated with Scotland than the Hanoverian line : (2) Sympathy for a lost cause which had been specially championed by Scotchmen : (3) The grand Jacobite melodies and songs which were sung everywhere, and continue to be sung to this day. This last was the weightiest.—J. H.

*Castle Gordon, or, as it is commonly named, Gordon Castle, is the noble seat of the Dukes of Gordon (now represented by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon), situated on the Morayshire bank of the river Spey, near its embouchure, and close to the village of Pochabers.—J. H.

These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
Give me the stream * that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil ;
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave ;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood :
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonie Castle Gordon.

(These elegant verses were composed in gratitude for the kind reception with which the poet was greeted on his arrival at Gordon Castle, on Friday, 7th September, where he was entertained to dinner, and earnestly invited to remain for a time. On explaining to the Duke that he had left a friend (Nicol) at the inn whom he could not desert, His Grace insisted he should bring him to the Castle also. Burns reached the inn only in time to prevent his unreasonable companion, who was irritated at being left so long alone, from starting on the remainder of the journey without him. Nicol had already ordered the carriage out, and Burns reluctantly entered it and was driven off with him.—J. H.)

[It is impossible to say how soon after his visit the poet began to compose the verses which form the text. At the close of the

* The Spey.—J. H.

Fochabers and Cullen, at which latter place Burns slept on the night of the 7th September on his way to Banff and Aberdeen.—J. H.]

THENIEL MENZIES' BONIE MARY.

Air—"The Ruffian's Rant," or *Roy's Wife*.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

IN comin by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a *blink* did tarry; moment
 As day was *dawin* in the sky, dawning
 We drank a health to bonie Mary.

Chorus.—Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
 Charlie Grigor *tint* his plaidie, lost
 Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her *haffet locks* as brown's a berry; ringlets
 And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, &c.

We *lap* an' danc'd the *lee-lang* day, leapt live-long
 Till piper lads were *wae* and weary; spiritless
 But Charlie gat the *spring* to pay, music
 For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, &c.

[Revision of an old song, a copy of which appeared first in print in a very early number of the Aberdeen Magazine. This is one of the songs introduced into Johnson's second volume. It is especially praised by Lockhart as being far superior to either the "Banks of the Devon," or the "Streams that glide on orient plains," written in celebration of *Castle Gordon*. The following note appears in Hogg & Motherwell's edition: "I remember to have seen many years ago a copy of this song, in a very old Aberdeen Magazine,

said to be by a gentleman of that city. The oldest (form) on record is, however, the following from recitation, and never in print.

In Scotland braid and far awa',
Where lasses painted, *busk* sae braw, dress
A bonnier lass I never saw,
Than Thenie Menzie's bonny Mary.

CHORUS.

Thenie Menzie's bonny Mary,
Thenie Menzie's bonny Mary;
A' the world would I gie,
For a kiss o' Thenie's bonny Mary.

The Miser's joy and *gowden* bliss, golden
I never kent, nor sought to guess;
I'm rich when I hae taen a kiss
O' Thenie Menzie's bonny Mary.
Thenie Menzie's, &c.

Some *dozen'd* loons sit *douf* and cauld, stupefied feelingless
And they hae liv'd till they've grown auld,
Scarce ever kent they had a saul,
Till they saw Thenie's bonny Mary.
Thenie Menzie's, &c.—J. H.]

THE BONIE LASS OF ALBANY.

Tune—"Mary's Dream."

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

My heart is wae and *unco wae*, very sorrowful
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
An' the bonie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
That rul'd Albion's kingdoms three,
But oh, alas! for her bonie face,
They've *wrang'd* the Lass of Albany. wronged

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
 There sits an isle of high degree,
 And a town of fame whose princely name
 Should grace the Lass of Albany.*

But there's a youth, a witless youth,†
 That fills the place where she should be ;
 We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
 And bring our *ain* sweet Albany. OWN

Alas the day, and woe the day,
 A false usurper *won the gree*, won the supremacy
 Who now commands the towers and lands—
 The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
 On bended knees most fervently,
 The time may come, with pipe an' drum
 We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

[Burns and his Jacobite friend Nicol arrived in Edinburgh, after their tour of twenty-two days, on Sunday, 16th September. While on their route, the newspapers had announced the fact that Prince Charles Stuart (the Pretender) who had no legitimate issue, had made a formal declaration of his marriage with Clementina Walkinshaw, who had borne him a daughter. This hitherto regarded natural daughter of the Prince was styled "Duchess of Albany," and she was by the Parliament of Paris legitimated by a deed registered September 6, 1787.

It is very probable that the foregoing verses in the old ballad style were spun by the poet at this period. That the piece is authentic is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that Burns inserted it in a manuscript book, now or lately possessed by Mr. B. Nightingale of London. It is entered immediately after the "Stirling Inscription," and headed "A SONG BY THE SAME HAND."

The Prince, at his death in 1788, left a settlement constituting the Duchess of Albany his sole heir ; but she did not long survive him.]

* The Isle of Bute, and its county town Rothesay, which gave the title Duke of Rothesay to the eldest sons of the Kings of Scotland.—J. H.

† George IV., Prince of Wales.—J. H.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

"This was the production of a solitary forenoon's walk from Ochtertyre House. I lived there, the guest of Sir William Murray, for two or three weeks, and was much flattered by my hospitable reception. What a pity that the mere emotions of gratitude are so impotent in this world! 'Tis lucky that, as we are told, they will be of some avail in the world to come."—*R. B., Glenriddell MSS.*

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free :
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
 Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below :
 Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels :
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain !

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

[When Burns arrived in Edinburgh after his northern tour, he found a letter from Mr. Walker lying for him, dated 13th September, reminding him of his promise to pay a visit to Sir William Murray at Ochertyre. Accordingly, in the company of Dr. Adair, he proceeded to Stirling and Harvieston early in October. On the 15th of that month, he wrote from Sir William Murray's house at Ochertyre, intimating that he had been storm-stayed at Harvieston for two days, and had visited Mr. Ramsay of Ochertyre on Teith.

The beautiful lines in the text have been frequently quoted as illustrative of Burns's tender sympathy with the lower animals. Loch Turit (the natives pronounce it "Turrit") is in the midst of a wild valley among the hills behind Ochertyre House. Chambers expresses his opinion "that Burns did not ride across the Muir of Orchil merely to spend a few luxurious days in aristocratic society,

still less to view scenery which he had passed over so lately as August" preceding. He explains that Sir William Murray was cousin to Mr. Graham of Fintry, a Commissioner of Excise, whom the poet had met at Blair, and suggests that the Excise scheme was chiefly in his eye when he undertook that October journey.]

BLYTHER WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andro and his Cutty Gun."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

Chorus.—*Blythe*, blythe and merry was she, cheerful
 Blythe was she *but* and *ben*; kitchen parlor
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,*
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the *birken shaw*; birch wood
 But Phemie was a bonier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn :
 She trippèd by the banks o' Earn,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lea ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

* A stream and glen in Perthshire.—J. H.

Euphemia Murray

(THE FLOWER OF STRATHMORE.)



The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 As o'er the Lawlands, I hae been ;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trode the dewy green.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

[The subject of this sweet lyric was Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, a cousin of Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre, and then about eighteen years old. She was subsequently married to Mr. Smythe, of Methven, one of the judges of the Court of Session. Even at that early age, she had acquired celebrity in the district for her beauty, and was called "The Flower of Strathmore." Mrs. Smythe in after-life mentioned to a friend that she "remembered of Burns reciting the poem on Scaring the Wildfowl, one evening after supper, and that he pronounced the concluding lines with great energy."

The melody of this song is thoroughly Scotch, and has supplied the materials for many modern tunes which pass as original. Most of the verses that have been set to it are Bacchanalian in character. Burns preferred to hear it tenderly executed in slower time.]

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-inclosèd *bawlk*.
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her cover'd nest
 A little linnet fondly prest ;
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.

* A ridge left untilled in a field of oats and used as a path-way.—J. H.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That *tents* thy early morning. watches over
 So thou, sweet Rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

[When Burns returned from his Highland tour in the middle of September, he seems, as by previous arrangement, to have domesticated himself in the house of Mr. Wm. Cruikshank, a fellow-teacher with Mr. Nicol, in the High School of Edinburgh. On 20th October, he came back from Ochertyre and the banks of the Devon with a cold contracted in the latter stages of his journey, which confined him pretty closely to the house for some days. His time was chiefly occupied in composing songs for the second volume of the *Museum*, and hearing Miss Cruikshank play the melodies on the pianoforte. Professor Walker thus refers to this matter:—"About the end of October I called for him at the house of a friend whose daughter, though not more than twelve, was a considerable proficient in music. I found him seated by the harpsichord of this young lady, listening with the keenest interest to his own verses, which she sung and accompanied, and adjusting them to the music by repeated trials of the effect. In this occupation he was so totally absorbed, that it was difficult to draw his attention from it for a moment."

That Burns was himself much pleased with the song which forms our text, is very evident from the fact that he distributed copies very freely; and, among others of his friends, he sent a copy to his early acquaintance, David Sillar, of Irvine, who set it to a melody of his own composing. We fear that "Davie" was no better a musician than poet: his tune is printed with "The Rose-bud" in Johnson's second volume, and it seems but a poor affair. There can be little doubt that "Lock Errochside" was the melody by which Burns was inspired when he composed the song, and it fits that air charmingly. It is now usually adapted to a good old air called "The Shepherd's wife."

Among others who obtained a copy of this song in manuscript, was the celebrated Mrs. Alison Cockburn, who thus refers to it in one of her letters :—"Are you fond of poetry? Do you know Burns? I am to get a very pretty little thing he calls 'The Rosebud,' maybe I'll send it to you next week."]

EPITAPH FOR MR. W. CRUICKSHANK.

(HOGG AND MOTHERWELL, 1845.)

HONEST Will to Heaven's away,
And mony shall lament him ;
His fau'ts they a' in Latin lay,
In English *nane* e'er *kent* them. none knew

[Burns was much addicted to this method of complimenting his friends ; and the present epigram is a good companion to the one he had paid to Nicol (given at p. 87, *supra.*) Mr. Cruickshank was one of the Classical masters of the High School of Edinburgh, from September 1770 till his death, which happened on 8th March 1795.

Mr. Cruickshank's house, where Burns lodged from 16th September 1787, to 18th February 1788, was in James' Square, top flat of the common stair, No. 30, and the window of the poet's room looked from the gable-end into the green plot behind the Register House.]

SONG—THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now (1793) married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr ; but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.—*R. B., Glenriddell Notes.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming
fair !

But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew !

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn ;
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn !
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose :
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

[The reader will note that the poet paid a visit to Harvieston on Monday, 27th August, and again, on two different occasions, within two months thereafter. He gave an account of the first of those visits, in a letter to Mr. Gavin Hamilton, in which he writes very warmly of Charlotte's beauty. At the period of the two latter visits, Miss Margaret Chalmers, a cousin of Charlotte, was also residing at Harvieston. Burns had been introduced to Miss Chalmers in Edinburgh, and she afterwards was one of his most cherished confidantes and correspondents. Writing to her on September 26th 1787, he says:—"I am determined to pay Charlotte a poetic compliment, if I could hit on some glorious old Scotch air. You will see a small attempt on a shred of paper inclosed; but though Dr. Blacklock commended it very highly, I am not just satisfied with it myself. . . . You and Charlotte have given me pleasure—permanent pleasure 'which the world cannot give nor take away,' and which I hope will outlast the heavens and the earth." In a later letter he writes:—"Talking of Charlotte, I have, to the best of my power, paid her a poetic compliment now completed. . . . I won't say the poetry is first-rate, though I am convinced it is very well; and, what is not always the case with compliments to ladies, it is not only sincere, but just."

Both Lockhart and Chambers have remarked that this song "is somewhat singular as a compliment to a handsome woman, in which he did not assume the character of a lover." The tune selected by Burns for these words was a Gaelic one which he

first heard sung by a lady near Inverness,* and got the notes taken down for the *Museum*, where it is printed under the title, "Bannerach dhon a chri."

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament for Abercairny."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils † rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes ;
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks it beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r !
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath ;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

[The subject of this lyric was Margaret Chalmers, who, about a year after it was composed, became the wife of Lewis Hay, Esq., Banker in Edinburgh. She became a widow within four

* Miss Rose of Kilravock.—J. H.

† The Ochils are a range of hills of only moderate height (though called by the poet "lofty") twenty-four miles in length, running from the vicinity of Stirling to the Firth of Tay, through the counties of Perth, Clackmannan, Stirling, Kinross, and Fife. The highest peak is Bencleuch, rising to 2,352 feet. Harvieston lies at their southern base. It may interest the reader to know that the late Rev. Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, was of the Harvieston family, and therefore a connection of the heroine of this song.—J. H.

years after the death of Burns. Her father, Mr. Chalmers of Fingland, in Dumfriesshire, sold his estate there, and took a farm near Mauchline where Peggy Chalmers was brought up. Her mother was a sister of Gavin Hamilton's stepmother, and also a sister of Mrs. Tait of Harvieston. Mrs. Chalmers had left Ayrshire in consequence of her husband's death, and resided in Edinburgh when Burns arrived there. The poet, however, had not advanced far in acquaintance with Miss Chalmers, until he met her at Harvieston in October 1787. To this he particularly refers in the above song; the fact being, as he states in one of his letters, that he was then "storm-stayed at the foot of the Ochil Hills, with Mr. Tait of Harvieston." It seems pretty evident that if ever Burns thought of being married to an "Edinburgh Belle," Peggy Chalmers was the one his heart was set upon. Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was a familiar visitor of Mrs. Lewis Hay, during her widowhood, averred that she had admitted to him that Burns made her a serious proposal of marriage.

The poet's letters to Miss Chalmers—mere fragments as they are—have always been reckoned among his best. Lockhart says that "with exception of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, there is perhaps no part of his correspondence which may be quoted so uniformly to his honor." Chambers observes that these letters, "affecting the tone of friendship, are ever liable to verge towards gallantry." Writing on the subject of this and the following song, Burns says to Miss Chalmers, "I have complimented you chiefly, almost solely, on your mental charms. Shall I be plain with you? I will. Personal attractions, madam, you have much above par—wit, understanding, and worth, you possess in the first class."

She was a great favorite of Dr. Blacklock, who liked her for the softness of her voice—"an excellent thing in woman"—and one who knew her well has recorded the observation that "her gentleness and vivacity had a favorable influence on the manners of Burns, who always appeared to advantage in her presence."]

SONG—MY PEGGY'S CHARMS.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit Age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.

Burns and Peggy Chalmers at Harriston.

"MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY PEGGY'S FORM,
THE FROST OF HERMIT AGE MIGHT WARM."

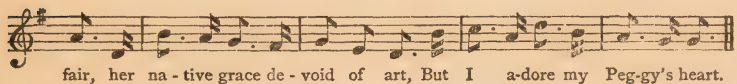
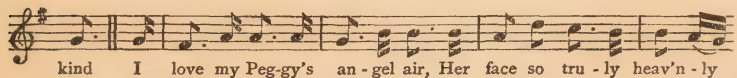
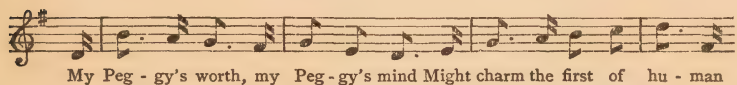
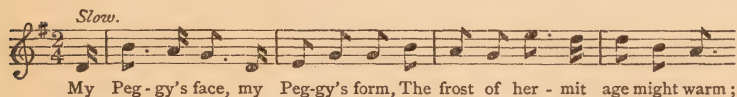


I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace, so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway?
Who but knows they all decay!

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all Immortal charms.

[This other poetic tribute to the "Immortal charms" of Peggy Chalmers, was intended to appear along with the one immediately preceding, in Johnson's second volume; but the Gaelic tune selected for it ("Ha a chaillich air mo Dheith") seems to have been pronounced unsuitable. The song accordingly was not included in Johnson's collection till many years after the poet's death, when Wm. Clark (son of the deceased friend of Burns) set it for the sixth volume, to the Highland air referred to. Instead of reproducing the Gaelic tune, which does not echo the sentiment of the song, we present the reader with the following simple Scots melody, which is faultless in that respect.]



(Burns in sending this song to Johnson accompanied it by the following note:—

“Dear Mr. Publisher,

I hope against I return you will be able to tell from Mr. Clarke if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit I must think on some other air, as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the 2d Volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of Antiquarian music. Farewell! R. Burns.”

Burns's wish, it will be seen from the foregoing note by Mr. Douglas, was not gratified. The “strong private reason” it is not difficult to guess at. Burns wished to present the volume to Miss Chalmers, who seems to have been the goddess who at this time reigned in his heart.—J. H.)

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—“Morag.”

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover,
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle Gordon!*

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be *hinging*,
The birdies *dowie* moaning;
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing;

hanging
spiritless

*See note on verses on Castle Gordon. Strathspey is simply the Vale or “Strath” watered by the Spey. The well-known Scottish dance music takes its name from this Strath. Its more peculiar home, however, is in the higher (or Highland) part of the vale, where Gaelic is the native tongue and the bag-pipe the native instrument.—J. H.

Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When (by his mighty Warden)
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle Gordon.

[At page 118, *supra*, the reader has seen Burns's first effort to celebrate Castle Gordon in verses intended for the Gaelic air "Morag." Here he returns to the theme after becoming master of the tune, and throws a sprinkling of Scotch over the words to remove the objection the Duchess had to the former piece. This fits the beautiful air perfectly; but the poet lived to compose another song, "O wha is she that lo'es me," which better suits the sentiment of the music.

Who the "Young Highland Rover" of this song is, does not clearly appear. The mourner is in the character of a parent lamenting a son's absence while engaged in foreign warfare; but Stenhouse says that the allusion is to the misfortunes of the "Young Chevalier," who, before the disasters of Culloden, was warmly entertained at Castle Gordon.]

BIRTHDAY ODE FOR 31ST DECEMBER, 1787.

(BRIGHT'S GLENRIDDELL MSS., 1874.)

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,*
 Whom kingdoms on this day should hail;
 An inmate in the casual shed,
 On transient pity's bounty fed,
 Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale!
 Beasts of the forest having their savage homes,
 But He, who should imperial purple wear,
 Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head!

*Prince Charles Edward, called by his friends "The Young Chevalier," and, by his foes, "The Young Pretender," headed the rebellion of the Highlanders and others in the years 1745, 46, which was trodden out savagely at Culloden by the English army under the Duke of Cumberland. The Prince, after many hair-breadth escapes, finally got off greatly through the devotion, courage and address of Flora McDonald. He ultimately took up his abode at Rome, and died there precisely one month after the jubilee meeting for which the ode was written.—J. H.

His wretched refuge, dark despair,
While ravening wrongs and woes pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
Who would his sorrows share.

False flatterer, Hope, away !
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore :
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,*
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more,
And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low adore.
Ye honored, mighty Dead,
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your KING, your Country, and her laws,
From great DUNDEE, who smiling Victory led,
And fell a Martyr in her arms,
(What breast of northern ice but warms !)
To bold BALMERINO'S undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim :
Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
It only lags, the fatal hour,
Your blood shall, with incessant cry,
Awake at last th' unsparing Power ;
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed and gathering force,
Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the
vale :
So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,
Shall with resistless might assail,
Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,
And STEWART'S wrongs and yours, with tenfold weight,
repay.

*The Prince was born 31st December, 1720.

PERDITION, baleful child of night !
Rise and revenge the injured right
Of STEWART'S royal race :
Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,
Till all the frightened echoes tell
The blood-notes of the chase !
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,
The tools of faction, and the nation's curse !
Hark how the cry grows on the wind ;
They leave the lagging gale behind,
Their savage fury, pityless, they pour ;
With murdering eyes already they devour ;
See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
His life one poor despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse !
Such havock, howling all abroad,
Their utter ruin bring ;
The base apostates to their GOD,
Or rebels to their KING.

[In the earlier part of December, Burns was preparing to go home to Ayrshire, and, while waiting for some settlement with his bookseller, Mr. Creech, had the misfortune to get himself severely lamed by a fall from a coach which a drunken driver had upset. This accident happened on Saturday the 8th of the month, and was the means of detaining him in Edinburgh till the 18th day of February following. It appears that a select club of Jacobites in and around the city were in the practice of celebrating the anniversary of Charles Edward Stewart's birthday, on the 31st of each December. Burns had been applied to by some of its members to favor the meeting with a birth-day Ode for the approaching festival, and, although he had no hope, perhaps no desire, to be present, he complied with the request. We may assume that the piece in the text was read or recited by some red-hot Jacobite of the period, and had the applause of a sympathetic audience. Currie thinks it might, "on a fair competition, where energy of feelings and expression were alone in question, have won the butt of Malmsey from the real poet-laureate of that day. He printed only the second of the three paragraphs of which the Ode is composed, breaking off at the word "Ven-

geance," in the fourth line from its close. He excused himself from printing the entire poem on the ground of its want of originality and interest. "A considerable part of it (he adds) is a kind of rant, for which indeed precedent may be cited in various other birth-day odes, but with which it is impossible to go along."] (Although Burns's Jacobitism was, as we have already said, more sentimental than substantial, undoubtedly this ode, coupled with his occasional satirical hits at the Hanoverian family, did him no good with the "powers that be," and largely, if not entirely, accounts for the fact that he never received the slightest recognition from any administration. His office, of exciseman, he owed to the Scottish Commissioners of Excise, and mainly to Mr. Graham of Fintry; yet even by some of them, we learn from his letter to Clarinda of January 27, 1788, he was "schooled" for his disloyal effusions.—J. H.)

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ. OF ARNISTON,

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

"I have two or three times in my life composed from the wish rather than from the impulse, but I never succeeded to any purpose. One of these times I shall ever remember with gnashing of teeth. 'Twas on the death of the late Lord President Dundas. My very worthy and respected friend, Mr. Alex. Wood, surgeon, urged me to pay a compliment in the way of my trade to his lordship's memory. Well, to work I went, and produced a copy of elegiac verses, some of them I own rather common-place, and others rather hide-bound, but on the whole, though they were far from being in my best manner, they were tolerable, and would, by some, have been thought very clever. I wrote a letter which, however, was in my very best manner, and enclosing my poem: Mr. Wood carried all together to Mr. Solicitor Dundas, that then was, and not finding him at home, left the parcel for him. His Solicitorship never took the smallest notice of the letter, the poem, or the poet. From that time, highly as I respect the talents of their family, I never see the name *Dundas* in the column of a newspaper, but my heart seems straitened for room in my bosom; and if I am obliged to read aloud

a paragraph relating to one of them, I feel my forehead flush, and my nether lip quiver."—*Letter to Alex. Cunningham*, 11th March, 1791.

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks ;
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan ;
The hollow caves return a hollow moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly ;
Where, to the whistling blast and water's roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod :
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
She sank, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now, gay in hope, explore the paths of men :
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry :

Mark Ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times,
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way :

While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail !

Ye dark, waste hills, ye brown unsightly plains,
Congenial scenes, ye soothe my mournful strains :
Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign ;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure—
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

[In the "Clarinda" correspondence we find that "Sylvander" sent her a copy of this poem before the close of December 1787, and he cautions her against giving away copies to others. Her criticism is—"The lines are very pretty. I like the idea of personifying the Vices rising in the absence of Justice."

The bard copied this, along with several other unpublished pieces, into an interleaved copy of his poems possessed by Bishop John Geddes of Edinburgh, and the following note is subjoined to the Elegy :—"The foregoing poem has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct or even peruse it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hand, too, of one of the noblest men in God's world, Alexander Wood, surgeon, when behold, his Solicitorship took no more notice of my poem, or me, than I had been a strolling fiddler, who had made free with his lady's name over the head of a silly new reel ! Did the gentleman think I looked for any dirty gratuity ?" Burns seems to have remembered this matter when, in January, 1796, a Tory majority ousted the Hon. Harry Erskine, and elected Dundas to be Dean of Faculty. See the poem, "Dire was the hate at old Harlaw."

This Elegy was first printed in the Edinburgh Magazine for June 1818. We take our text from the poet's holograph in the British Museum.]

(Had Burns been more familiar with grief for the loss of dear ones, and better acquainted with its rights, he would not have obtruded his sympathy on a sorrowing family, almost at the moment of its bereavement. The best apology for him is that he was

urged to write it by friends in whom he had confidence—especially by Dr. Wood and Mr. Charles Hay, Advocate, afterwards Lord Newton. The Dundas family were, at this time, the most powerful family, politically, in Scotland, and there can be little doubt that his generous friends hoped that the tribute to one so closely allied with the Court and Administration would tend to expiate his many political escapades.—J. H.)

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

EXTEMPORE REPLY TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE
AUTHOR BY A LADY, UNDER THE SIGNATURE
OF "CLARINDA."

(BRIGHT'S GLENRIDDELL MSS, 1874.)

"Almighty love still reigns and revels in my bosom, and I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow, who has wit and wisdom more murderously fatal than the assassinating stiletto of the Sicilian bandit, or the poisoned arrow of the African savage. You may guess of her wit by the following verses which she sent me the other day."—*Letter to Richard Brown, Dec. 30th, 1787.*

ON BURNS'S SAYING HE 'HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO.'

When first you saw Clarinda's charms,
What rapture in your bosom grew!
Her heart was shut to Love's alarms,
But then—you'd nothing else to do.

Apollo oft had lent his harp,
But now 'twas strung from Cupid's bow;
You sung—it reached Clarinda's heart—
She wished you'd nothing else to do.

Fair Venus smil'd, Minerva frown'd,
Cupid observed, the arrow flew:
Indifference (ere a week went round)
Show'd you had nothing else to do.

* * * * *
CHRISTMAS EVE.

* * * * *
(Signed) CLARINDA.

WHEN dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptur'd view,
He gaz'd, he listened to despair,
Alas! 'twas all he dared to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes,
Transfixed his bosom thro' and thro' ;
But still in Friendship's guarded guise,
For more the demon fear'd to do.

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all *perdue* ;
For frowning Honor kept his post—
To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

His pangs the Bard refused to own,
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew ;
But Anguish wrung the unweeting groan—
Who blames what frantic pain must do ?

That heart, where motley follies blend,
Was sternly still to Honor true :
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,
Was what a lover sure might do.

The Muse his ready quill employed,
No nearer bliss he could pursue ;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—
“Send word by Charles how you do !”

The chill behest disarm'd his muse,
Till passion all impatient grew :
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
’Twas, ’cause “he’d nothing else to do.”

But by those hopes I have above !
And by those faults I dearly rue !
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee, that deed I dare to do !

O could the Fates but name the price
Would bless me with your charms and you !
With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
If human art and power could do !

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
(Friendship, at least, I may avow ;))
And lay no more your chill command,—
I'll write, whatever I've to do.

SYLVANDER.

[The lady who corresponded for some time with Burns under the Arcadian name of "Clarinda" was Mrs. Agnes Craig or M'Lehose, wife of Mr. James M'Lehose, a writer in Glasgow, who forsook her after three years' cohabitation, and went to reside in the West Indies. In 1782 she took up her abode in Edinburgh, and in the beginning of December, 1787, Burns and she met at the house of Miss Nimmo, an elderly lady and an intimate friend of Peggy Chalmers. They were mutually attracted and a correspondence sprang up, which will be found at the opening of our fifth volume. To our "Introductory Note" to that correspondence we refer the reader for fuller details regarding Clarinda, and her relation to the poet, or Sylvander.

The letter sent to her by the poet immediately before Christmas Eve, contains the expression—"I have written you this scrawl because I have nothing else to do." Clarinda's letter of 28th December, closes with these words :—"Good night ; for Clarinda's 'heavenly eyes' need the earthly aid of sleep."* In reply, she sent him a poem of six stanzas, only three of which—those, namely, quoted above—Burns seems to have thought worth preserving. The poem above is Burns's answer to hers. The words "heavenly eyes" put by her in inverted commas are in humorous reference to the same expression in the second stanza of the poem which forms our text.—J. H.]

*Of this letter, now in possession of Mr. Robert Clarke, Cincinnati, we give a fac-simile at its proper place in the Correspondence.—J. H.

LOVE IN THE GUISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

YOUR friendship much can make me blest,
 O why that bliss destroy !
 Why urge the only, one request
 You know I will deny !

Your thought, if Love must harbor there,
 Conceal it in that thought ;
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The very friend I sought.

[These two stanzas were written by Burns to supplement or complete a pretty canzonette composed and sent to him by Clarinda on 3d January, 1788. She thus wrote to him :—"You have put me in a rhyming humor. The moment I read yours I wrote the following lines :—

Talk not of Love ! it gives me pain,
 For Love has been my foe :
 He bound me in an iron chain,
 And plung'd me deep in woe.

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys,
 My heart was form'd to prove ;
 The worthy object be of those,
 But never talk of Love.

The hand of Friendship I accept,
 May Honor be our guard,
 Virtue our intercourse direct,
 Her smiles our dear reward."

The poet replied on the following day, saying :—Your last verses have so delighted me that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the 'Scots Musical Museum.' I want four stanzas; you gave me three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter; so I have taken your first two verses, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third. The change in the (third line of the) second stanza,

There, welcome, win and wear the prize,

is no improvement; but there was a slight inaccuracy in your rhyme.

The latter half of your first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho. I am in raptures with it. . . . What would you think of this for a fourth stanza?

Your thought, if Love must harbor there," &c.

GO ON, SWEET BIRD, AND SOOTHE MY CARE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

FOR thee is laughing Nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day;
For me in vain is Nature drest,
While Joy's a stranger to my breast.

[These lines were written by Burns about the end of January 1788, to supplement a little song by Clarinda, which he sent to Johnson to fit an old melody called "The Banks of Spey." Clarinda in forwarding it to Burns, calls it "the first fruits" of her muse, and says, "It was written to soothe an aching heart. I then labored under a cruel anguish of soul, which I cannot now tell you of." Her pretty composition is as follows:

"ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING AT HEAD OF BRUNTSFIELD LINKS, EDINBURGH."

"Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair;
Thy tuneful warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly through my aching heart.

Now choose thy mate, and fondly love,
And all the charming transport prove;
Whilst I, a love-lorn exile, live,
And rapture nor receive, nor give.

Those sweet emotions all enjoy,
Let Love and Song thy hours employ:
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair."]

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie ;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise !

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day ;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray ?

[These elegant stanzas were composed before the end of January 1788, in anticipation of the author's approaching departure from Edinburgh. His injured limb was sufficiently restored to admit of his visiting Clarinda in a chair, or coach, during the first week of that month ; but the parting visit was deferred till past the middle of February. He had formed some intimacy with Mr. J. G. C. Schetky, a distinguished violoncellist from Germany, and the above verses were sent to him to be set to music, which appeared along with the words in Johnson's second volume. The melody, however, never became popular, and Mr. Stephen Clarke afterwards composed an air for the same song, which was equally unsuccessful. The latter appeared in George Thompson's collection, with the opening words altered to "Farewell, dear mistress of my heart." The second line of the succeeding stanza was also sub-

jected to a similar alteration, thus :—"Shall your poor wand'rer hie." Of course, these changes had not been sanctioned by Burns, after whose death the new version appeared.]

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

Chorus.—I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I AM my mammy's *ae* bairn, only
Wi' *unco* folk I weary, sir; strange
And lying in a strange bed,
I'm *fley'd* it mak me *eerie*, sir, afraid dismal
I'm o'er young, &c.

Hallowmass* is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir,
And you an' I in *ae* bed, one
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud an' *skill* the frosty wind shrill
Blaws thro' the leafless *timmer*, sir; trees
But if ye come this *gate* again, way
I'll aulder be *gin simmer*, sir. by summer
I'm o'er young, &c.

[The reader will understand that Johnson's second volume was fast progressing towards publication, while the poet was laid up with his bruised limb in Mr. Cruikshank's house. The *Clarinda* correspondence, voluminous as it is, formed but one item of his daily occupation. He had collected during his northern tour

* 31st October.

several Highland airs which he desired to clothe with suitable words, and these he wished to include in that volume.

The above song, of course, required no effort on Burns's part. In this instance, as in several others, he merely rattled off a few stanzas to serve as a vehicle for presenting the tune in his friend's publication. The melody as popularised within the past half-century is a current favorite, whether used as a reel or a song, and is a manifest improvement on the set printed in the Museum from R. Bremner's collection (*circa* 1758). We can imagine Burns listening to the effect of his song, as performed by his little "Rosebud," seated by his side at the harpsichord.]

TO THE WEAVER'S *GIN* YE GO. if

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

My heart was ance as blythe and free
 As simmer days were lang ;
 But a bonie, *westlin* weaver lad west-country
 Has *gart* me change my sang. made

Chorus.—To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weaver's gin ye go ;
 I *rede* you right, *gang* ne'er at night, counsel }
go }
 To the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
 To warp a plaiden *wab*; web
 But the weary, weary warpin o't
 Has gart me sigh and sab.
 To the weaver's, &c.

A bonie, *westlin* weaver lad
 Sat working at his loom ;
 He took my heart as wi a net,
 In every knot and thrum.
 To the weaver's, &c.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I *ca'd* it roun' ; turned
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it *gae* a stoun. gave stound
To the weaver's, &c.

The moon was sinking in the west,
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.
To the weaver's, &c.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell ; *
But Oh ! I fear the *kintra* soon country
Will ken as weel's mysel !
To the weaver's, &c.

[The poet admits the authorship of this song, with the exception of the old chorus. Perhaps he has here a sly allusion to certain reports that reached him in the early summer of 1786 concerning his Jean. She had been sent off to Paisley to keep her out of the poet's road, and he was occasionally fed with rumors that she had been dancing at balls with a certain Robie Wilson, a weaver in that town.]

M'PERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"M'Pherson's Rant."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie !
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

* "Shame befall me if I tell!" A strong form of adjuration.—J. H.

Chorus.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, frolicsomely
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ; defiantly went
 He play'd a *spring*, and danc'd it round, ^{dance-}
 Below the gallows-tree. ^{tune }}

O what is death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avengéd be.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dare not die !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

[The above "grand lyric," as Lockhart has termed it, was one of the fruits of the poet's Highland Tour. That biographer says, "It is from this time that we must date Burns's ambition to transmit his own poetry to posterity, in eternal association with those exquisite airs which had hitherto, in far too many instances, been married to verses that did not deserve to be immortal."]

(The following is the song on whose basis Burns composed his "Farewell." Buchan says of it, "The copy I shall now give as illustrative of Burns's song, is from the recitation of a very old person, and said to be the real composition of the unfortunate Macpherson himself when in jail, waiting the severe sentence of the law, and owes its preservation to the following cause. A young woman of respectable parents, with whom he had lived during his unsettled life, had formed for him an inseparable attachment, so that in his dungeon she was known to love him. She learned her lover's "Farewell," which she called "the remains of her Jamie," while in prison, and after having witnessed his final exit on an inglorious gallows, she returned to her wandering life, which she led ever after, and sung, wherever she went, the following song, as composed by Macpherson :—

"I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength,
I squander'd fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.
But dantonly and wantonly,
And rantonly I'll gae,
I'll play a tune and dance it roun',
Below the gallows-tree.

"To hang upon the gallows-tree,
Accurs'd disgraceful death!
Like a vile dog hung up to be,
And stifled in my breath.
But dantonly, &c.

"My father was a gentleman
Of fame and lineage high;
Oh! mother, would you ne'er had born
A wretch so doom'd to die.
But dantonly, &c.

"The laird o' Grant,* with power aboon
The royal majesty,
He pled fu' well for Peter Brown,
But let Macpherson die.
But dantonly, &c.

"But Braco Duff,† in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
If death did not arrest my course,
Avenged I should be.
But dantonly, &c.

* Now represented by the Earl of Seafield, who is head of the clan Grant.
—J. H.

† Now represented by the Earl of Fife, the head of the Duffs. The earliest possession of the family was the estate of Braco, in Banffshire.—J. H.

"But vengeance I did never wreak
 When power was in my hand,
 And you my friends no vengeance seek,
 Obey my last command.
 But dantonly, &c.

"Forgive the man whose rage could seek
 Macpherson's worthless life,
 When I am gone, be it ne'er said
 My legacy was strife.
 Yet dantonly, &c.

"And ye that blame with cruel scorn
 The wand'ring gipsy's ways;
 Oh! think if homeless, houseless born,
 Ye could spend better days.
 But dantonly, &c.

"If all the wealth on land and sea
 Within my power was laid,
 I'd give it all this hour to be
 On the soldier's dying bed.
 Yet dantonly, &c.

"I've led a life o' meikle strife,
 Sweet peace ne'er smiled on me;
 It grieves me sair that I maun gae
 An' nae avenged be.
 But dantonly and wantonly,
 And rantonly I'll gae,
 I'll play a tune, and dance it roun',
 Below the gallows-tree."

M'Pherson was hanged on the Gallow-hill of Banff, on the 16th Nov., 1700. He was an excellent performer on the violin, and after playing the "Spring," as stated in the verses, he offered the instrument which had been his solace in many a gloomy hour, to several of the by-standers, but none having courage to accept of the proffered boon, he dashed it to pieces, that it might perish with himself, and so went singing into eternity. His body afterwards found a resting-place beneath the gallows-tree, on which he paid the forfeit of his life.

It is a tradition in Banff that a pardon for M'Pherson was on its way to the burgh in time to arrive before noon—the hour fixed for his execution—but that the authorities, anxious to ensure the cateran's death, caused the town-clock to be advanced an hour, so that he was hanged at 11 A.M. instead of 12 noon. Superstitious people are still to be met with who tell you that Banff clock continues to this day to strike 12 at 11 A.M.—J. H.)

STAY MY CHARMER.

Gaelic Air—"The Black-haired Lad."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

STAY my charmer, can you leave me !
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me ;
 Well you know how much you grieve me ;
 Cruel charmer, can you go !
 Cruel charmer, can you go !

By my love so ill-requited,
 By the faith you fondly plighted,
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,
 Do not, do not leave me so !
 Do not, do not leave me so !

[These lines were composed to suit a celebrated Gaelic melody with which the poet was smitten on hearing it sung in the course of his Highland excursion.]

SONG—MY HOGGIE. one-year-old sheep

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

WHAT will I do *gin* my Hoggie die? if
 My joy, my pride, my Hoggie !
 My only beast, I had *nae mae*, no more
 And vow but I was *vogie* ! vain
 The *lee-lang* night we watch'd the *fauld*, live-long }
 Me and my faithfu' doggie ; fold }
 We heard *nocht* but the roaring *linn*, nothing }
 Amang the *braes sae scroggie*. cascade }
 heights brushy

But the *houlet* cry'd frae the castle wa', owl
 The *blitter* frae the boggie ; mire-snipe
 The *tod* reply'd upon the hill, fox
 I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did *daw*, and cocks did *craw*, dawn
 The morning it was *foggie* ;
 An *unco tyke*, *lap* o'er the *dyke* strange dog leapt }
 And *maist* has kill'd my *Hoggie* ! fence } almost

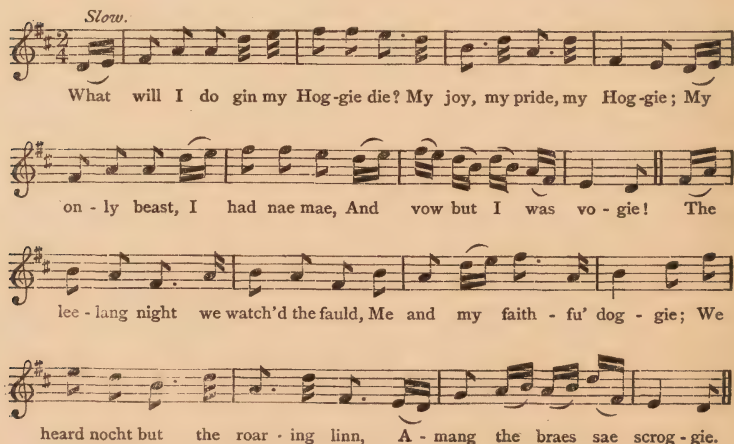
(This production, quaint alike in its versification and humor, is obviously enough, an old song improved. It is almost unnecessary to add that it is purely allegorical. Cromek, not seeing, probably, its full meaning, says:—"It is a silly subject treated sublimely; it has much of the fervor of *The Vision*."—J. H.)

[The poet's own note on this song in the Glenriddell MSS. refers entirely to the tune. It is as follows:—"Dr. Walker, who was minister of Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, told Mr. Riddell the following anecdote concerning this air. He said that some gentlemen, riding a few years ago through Liddisdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Moss-paul; when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock at her door, was singing. All she could tell concerning it was that she was taught it when a child, and it was called 'What will I do gin my Hoggie die?' No person, except a few females at Moss-paul, knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost, had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down."]

Stenhouse tells us that the gentleman who took down the tune was the late Stephen Clarke; but he had no occasion for a flute to assist him as stated by Dr. Walker.]

Mr. Douglass gives the following set in his edition of Burns:—

Slow.



What will I do gin my Hog-gie die? My joy, my pride, my Hog-gie; My
 on - ly beast, I had nae mae, And vow but I was vo - gie! The
 lee - lang night we watch'd the fauld, Me and my faith - fu' dog - gie; We
 heard nocht but the roar - ing linn, A - mang the braes sae scrog - gie.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"M'Grigor of Roro's Lament."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

I composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered, owing to the deranged state of his finances.—*R. B.*, 1791.*

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodland strewing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring—

"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering ;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.

"Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !"

*The poet might have also referred to her father's recent death : "Dec. 16, 1786.—At Raasay, John M'Leod, Esq. of Raasay, aged 69;" and her brother's death : "July 20, 1787.—At Edinburgh, John M'Leod, Esq., youngest son of the late John M'Leod, of Raasay, Esq."—*Scots Mag.*

[The reader is referred to p. 100 *supra*, for some account of the family of M'Leod of Raasay. This composition appears to have been suggested by a well-known song of Gay's beginning—

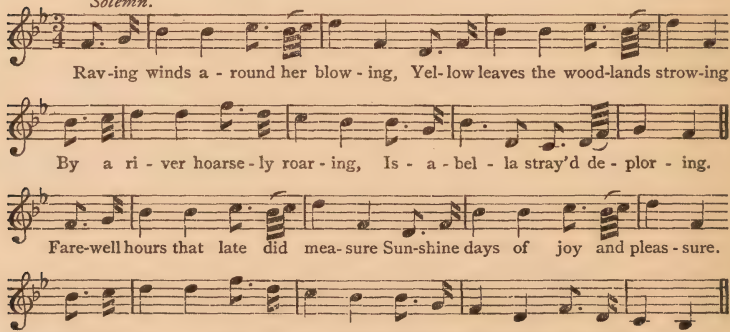
"'Twas when the seas were roaring with hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring, all on a rock reclined."

The Gaelic air, "M'Grigor a Ruora," seems to have been a great favorite about the time Burns visited the North. Some rather elegant English verses appeared about the close of last century, professing to be a translation of the words that originally belonged to the melody. The opening stanza will shew that Burns's words are in a somewhat different measure; hence there must exist various sets of the music.

"From the chace on the mountain
As I was returning,
By the side of a fountain
Malvina sat mourning;
To the winds that loud whistled
She told her sad story,
And the vallies re-echoed, 'M'Grigor a Ruora.'"

Burns's opinion of the verses which form the text may be gathered from the following passage in one of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, shortly after he commenced farming at Ellisland:—"I was yesterday at Mr. Miller's house to dinner for the first time. My reception was quite to my mind; from the lady of the house quite flattering. . . . In the course of conversation, 'Johnson's Musical Museum' was talked of. We got a song on the harpsichord beginning 'Raving winds around her blowing.' The air was much admired: the lady of the house asked me whose were the words. —'Mine, Madam—they are indeed my very best verses.' She took not the smallest notice of them! . . . I was going to make a New Testament quotation about 'casting pearls,' but that would be too virulent, for the lady is actually a woman of sense and taste."]

Solemn.



Rav-ing winds a - round her blow - ing, Yel-low leaves the wood-lands strow-ing

By a ri - ver hoarse-ly roar - ing, Is - a - bel - la stray'd de - plor - ing.

Fare-well hours that late did mea-sure Sun-shine days of joy and pleas - ure.

Hail thou gloo - my night of sor - row, Cheer-less night that knows no mor - row.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

CAULD blows the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving *sairly*; sorely
 Sae loud and *shill* 's I hear the blast— shrill
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Chorus.—Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning's, &c.

[The beautiful air which belongs to this song is sufficient to recommend very indifferent words; and yet these lines by Burns are in his best manner. The only thing to regret is that he did not extend it somewhat, for it is too short to satisfy the ear. Although the tune is truly Scotch, it has been popular in England for more than two hundred years. In 1652, John Hilton published what he called a "Northern Catch" for three voices, and this very tune is there adapted for the third voice. Some forty years thereafter, Henry Purcell borrowed the same idea by composing a Birthday song for Queen Mary (consort of William of Orange), in which this tune was made to serve for the bass part. It appears that the Queen had, in Purcell's hearing, when she grew tired of listening to some of his compositions, yawned and asked Mrs. Arabella Hunt to cheer her with a Scotch song, and accordingly she sung "Cauld and raw the wind doth blaw" to this melody.]

(This fine piece is written on the basis of an old song of which the chorus only is retained by Burns, the two stanzas being entirely his. It is interesting to observe that the poet, in his complaint of winter, cannot forget the birds.—J. H.)

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie !
 I sleepless lye frae *e'en* to morn, evening
 Tho' I were ne'er so weary :
 I sleepless lye frae *e'en* to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er so weary !

When I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you my dearie :
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but *eerie* ! dismal
 And now what lands between us lye,
 How can I be but *eerie* !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were *wae* and weary ! woeful
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie !
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie !

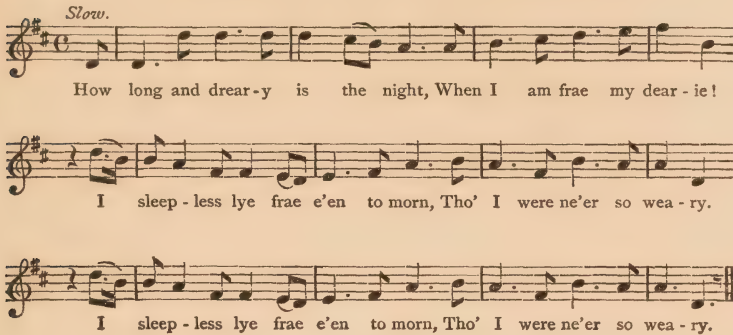
(In October 1794, to gratify a *penchant* which George Thomson had for the air "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," the poet altered the structure of the above exquisite song, and added a chorus as follows :—

"For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
 And oh, her dreams are *eerie* !
 And oh, her widowed heart is sair
 That's absent frae her dearie."

Of the song Burns says to Thomson :—"I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged." We give the later form of the song under the year 1794, when it was sent to Thomson.—J. H.)

[In the *Museum*, this song is set to an extremely sweet and simple melody, styled "A Gaelick Air." If it be so, it is a very happy imitation of the Lowland style.]

Slow.



How long and drear-y is the night, When I am frae my dear-ie!

I sleep-less lye frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er so wea-ry.

I sleep-less lye frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er so wea-ry.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

HEY, the dusty Miller,
 And his dusty coat,
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a *groat*: before fourpence
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the color,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I gat frae the Miller.

Hey, the dusty Miller,
 And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling Commend me to
 Fills the dusty peck:
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty *siller*; silver (*money*)
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty Miller.

[It is impossible to say what portions of this song may belong to an older version of the same subject, as the ancient one seems not to exist entire in print. The poet's manuscript supplied to Johnson is still preserved, and corresponds exactly with the copy given in the *Museum*.] (Allan Cunningham says:—"The present strain was modified for the Museum by Burns, and is a very happy specimen of his skill and taste in emendation. Other verses may be found in our collections:—

Hey the merry miller !
 As the wheel runs roun',
 An the clapper claps
 My heart gies a stoun ;
 Water grinds the corn,
 Water wins the siller,
 When the dam is dry
 I daute wi' the miller."

Millers were favorites with the early rustic muse of Scotland. King James introduces a Miller in his poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green." Ramsay depicts a kind, free-handed Miller in his "Monk and the Miller's Wife," and the Miller of Dee is a well-known personage. A favorite old song begins:—

"O, merry may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For fair day and foul day
 He's aye bringing till her."—J. H.)

DUNCAN DAVISON.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was *driegh*, and Meg was *skeigh*,
 Her favor Duncan could na win ;
 For wi' the *rock* she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

tedious }
 saucy }

distaff

As o'er the moor they lightly *foor*, fared (*went*)
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their *shanks*, legs
And ay she set the wheel between :
But Duncan swore a *haly aith*, holy oath
That Meg should be a bride *the morn*; to-morrow
Then Meg took up her *spinnin-graith*, spinning }
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. implements }

We will *big* a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen ;
Sae blythe and merry 's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk ;
A man may fight, and no be slain ;
And man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again !

[These words to a favorite old dancing-tune called by the name of the hero of the song, were written by Burns, although his name is not attached to them in the *Museum*. That the poet was familiar with the tune of Duncan Davison in his early years appears from the fact that his beautiful song "Mary Morison" was composed to it.]

THE LAD THEY CA' JUMPIN JOHN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

HER daddie forbad, her *minnie* forbad, mother
Forbidden she *wadna be*: would not
She *wadna trow't*, the *browst** she brew'd, believe it }
Wad taste sae bitterlie. ale }

* A browst is as much malt liquor as is brewed at once.—J. H.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa!

[These pathetic stanzas, the poet informs us, were composed "out of compliment to a Mrs. M'Lauchlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies."]

TO DAWT ON* ME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THE blude-red rose at Yule may *blaw*, *blow*
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
 But an auld man shall never dawt on me.

Refrain.—To dawt on me, to dawt on me,
 An auld man shall never dawt on me.

*Hitherto the title of this song in every edition of Burns appears as *To Daunt on Me*. Every Scotchman knows that the word *Daunt on*, which simply means to daunt or frighten, conveys an entirely false meaning here. The girl obviously means that no old man shall pet or fondle her, or, as it is expressed in Scotch, *dawt on* her. That this was the expression Burns meant to use we confidently believe (*daunt on* being either a miswrite or a misprint), so we have changed the Title of the song accordingly. In writing the pithy lyric Burns had the refrain of an old Jacobite song ringing in his ears:—

"To daunt on me, to daunt on me,
 D'ye ken the things wad daunt on me?
 Eighty-eight and eighty-nine
 And a' the dreary years sin syne
 With cess and press and Presbytry
 Gude faith, these were like to have daunted me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
 D'ye ken the things that wad wanton me," &c.—J. H.

To dawt on me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his *fause* heart and flatt'ring tongue, false
 That is the thing you shall never see,
 For an auld man shall never dawt on me.
 To dawt on me, &c.

For a' his meal and a' his *maut*,* malt
 For a' his fresh beef and his *saut*, salt
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never dawt on me.
 To dawt on me, &c.

His *gear* may buy him *kye* and *yowes*, money cows }
 His gear may buy him *glens* and *knowes*; ewes }
 But me he shall not buy nor fee, valleys }
 For an auld man shall never dawt on me. knolls }
 To dawt on me, &c.

He *hirples twa-fauld* as he *dow*, limps two-fold can }
 Wi' his teethless *gab* and his auld *beld pow*, mouth }
 And the rain rains down frae his red *blear'd e'e*; bald head }
 That auld man shall never dawt on me. dim }
 To dawt on me, &c.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THE winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
 And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
 Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,
 Since my true love is parted from me.

* In early times home-brewed ale was the national Scottish beverage, as oat-meal was the "staff of life." "Rowth o' meal and maut" is an old phrase, still used, to express abundance to eat and drink.—J. H.

The rose upon the *breer*, by the waters running *briar*
clear,

May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

[The foregoing two verses, having been found in the poet's manuscript, were published by Cromek in 1808, as a "Relique of Burns:" but, in truth, only the second stanza was composed by him. With a desire to preserve its beautiful air, our author had culled three verses from a stall-ballad, known under the title of "The Curragh of Kildare," and, by interpolating a stanza of his own, and smoothing the others a little, he produced the pretty song in four verses, given at the close of Johnson's second volume. The two concluding stanzas are these:—

My love, like yonder sun, in the firmament doth run,
Ever bright, ever constant and true ;
But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

Ye maidens cross'd in love—and the cross will not remove—
How I pity the pains you endure !
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.]

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

O HOW can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and *braw*, *fine*
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa !

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.*

* This verse is not in Johnson's copy. It first appeared in Cromek's Reliques, 1808.

My father *pat* me frae his door, put
 My friends they hae disown'd me a' ;
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' glooves he bought to me,
 And silken *snoods* he *gae* me twa ; ribands for the hair }
gave }
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

O weary Winter soon will pass,
 And Spring will *cleed* the *birken shaw* ; clothe }
birch wood }
 And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.

[The poet's Arcadian communications with Clarinda were disturbed during the latter part of January, by certain unpleasant intelligence conveyed to him from some quarter. Allan Cunningham suggests that a rumor throwing doubts on the solvent condition of Mr. Creech's exchequer may have reached him; but Chambers, with more probability, thinks that the disturbing element came from Mauchline, in relation to the results of Jean Armour's renewed love-intercourse with him. On 22nd January, he thus wrote to Margaret Chalmers:—"I have this moment got a hint. . . . I fear I am something like—undone; but I hope for the best. Come stubborn pride, and unshrinking Resolution, accompany me through this, to me, miserable world! You must not desert me," &c.

On Monday 18th February, Burns left Edinburgh for Ayrshire; and on the following Monday, he set out for Dumfries-shire to inspect the farms offered to him by Mr. Miller of Dalswinton. By the 3rd of March, he was back to Mauchline, and on that day he wrote a remarkable letter to his friend Robert Ainslie, in which the following passage occurs:—"I have been through sore tribulation, and under much buffeting of the Wicked One, since I came to this country. Jean I found banished like a martyr—
 forlorn, destitute, and friendless, all for the good old cause. I have reconciled her to her fate: I have reconciled her to her mother: I have taken her a room: I have taken her to my arms: I have given her a mahogany bed," &c.

Chambers informs us "That when Jean was driven, in the middle of winter, from her parents' dwelling, she was by Burns's request sheltered by his friend Mrs. Muir, the wife of the honest

millar of Tarbolton alluded to in Dr. Hornbook. The poet now established her in a lodging in Mauchline, and succeeded in obtaining the benefit of her mother's attendance in her present delicate situation."

On the 10th of March, Burns returned to Edinburgh to execute the lease of Ellisland betwixt Mr. Miller and him; and while there, he accomplished two other important matters—the obtaining an order from the board of Excise for his formal instructions, and the adjustment of his accounts with Creech. While thus absent in Edinburgh, intelligence must have reached him from home, first of Jean's delivery of twin children, and secondly, of their death within a few days after birth. Chambers with great probability suggests that Jean Armour's condition above explained formed the pathetic subject of the ballad in the text.]

(Stenhouse says:—He took the first line, and even some hints of his verses, from an old song which begins:—

"How can I be blithe or in my mind contented be?"

The gloves and silken snoods were actual presents, we are told, to Jean Armour at this time. The snoods were a peculiarly appropriate gift, as it was through the poet Jean had lost the right to wear them. The lad "O'er the hills and far awa" was Burns himself when on his northern tour.—J. H.)

VERSES TO CLARINDA,

SENT WITH A PAIR OF WINE-GLASSES.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses:

And fill them up with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge them to the generous toast,
"The whole of human kind!"

“To those who love us !” second fill ;
 But not to those whom *we* love ;
 Lest we love those who love not us—
 A third—“to thee and me, love !”

[Burns, having arranged the various matters which brought him from Ayrshire to Edinburgh for a fortnight in the month of March, took a long farewell of Clarinda, and left for Glasgow, on Monday the 24th, *en route* for Dumfries-shire. It was on leaving Edinburgh at the period referred to, that he presented Clarinda with the parting gift which occasioned the above verses.]

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Air —“Captain O’Kean.”

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro’ the vale ;
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scatter’d cowslips bedeck the green dale :
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments are numbered by care ?
 No birds sweetly singing, nor flow’rs gaily springing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar’d, could it merit their malice ?
 A king and a father to place on his throne !
 His right are these hills, and his right are these
 valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho’ I can find
 none !
 But ’tis not my suff’rings thus wretched, forlorn ;
 My brave gallant friends, ’tis your ruin I mourn ;
 Your faith proved so loyal in hot-bloody trial—
 Alas ! can I make it no better return !

[It was during the rapid journey to and from Dumfries, referred to in our last note, that the opening stanza of the above song was composed. The day after his return home, the poet addressed a letter to his musical friend, Mr. Robert Cleghorn, of Saughton Mills, Edinburgh, in these terms:—"Yesterday, my dear sir, as I was riding through a track of melancholy, joyless muirs between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and your favorite air, *Captain O'Kean*, coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it," &c.]

(See letter to Mr. Robert Cleghorn, Saughton Mills, of date 31st March, 1788. The variations made on the stanza as sent to Mr. Cleghorn are slight, the principal being on the seventh line, which reads:—

"No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing."

Mr. Cleghorn wrote in answer on the 27th April, expressing his high gratification with the lines, adding: "I wish you would send me a verse or two more; and, if you have no objection, I would have it in Jacobite style. Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden, by the unfortunate Charles." It was in accordance with this request that Burns constructed his second stanza, giving a Jacobite ending to the fine pastoral commencement.—J. H.)

PROSE WORKS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

OUR first volume brought us down to the date of the publication of the Kilmarnock Edition of Burns's Poems, July 31st, 1786. The present volume opens a new era in his life-history. He is no longer merely the "Bard of Coila" whose pieces are passing in manuscript through the hands of his brother bards, personal friends, or local patrons, such as Simson, Sillar, Rankine, Richmond, Gavin Hamilton, Ballantine, and Aiken. He has now taken the first decisive step towards his development into what he was soon afterwards to become, and to be recognized as being:—viz., THE NATIONAL BARD OF SCOTLAND.

But the stream of man's life is made up of various currents, sometimes running more or less apart, sometimes intermingling and lending color to each other. All the time the preparations for the Kilmarnock Edition were going on, Burns was the principal figure in what may be called a domestic tragedy. For the reader's clearer comprehension of the situation of affairs during this eventful period of the poet's life it is necessary that we should somewhat retrace our steps—and explain in one consecutive narrative the history of his connection with his future wife, Jean Armour, down to the date of their regular marriage. Closely interwoven with this connection is the episode of his

Margie.



courtship of Highland Mary, which we introduce at its proper place.

With such a narrative, therefore, we open the prose portion of our Second Volume, which covers all the period between the appearance of the Kilmarnock Edition and the Poet's settlement at Ellisland.

JEAN ARMOUR.

“ ‘Jean’ Armour, wife of the Poet, and chief inspirer of his muse, was the daughter of Mr. James Armour, a master builder, or practical architect, at Mauchline. She was born there on 27th February, 1767,* and was formally acknowledged as the wife of Robert Burns in 1787. Her parents seem to have been of the strictest sect in their religion; so that her education and upbringing must have been all that could be desired in that respect. But the rigidness of their domestic discipline, and the pride which sometimes accompanies too great austerity of morals and purity of creed combined, were undoubtedly the cause of much of the pain and humiliation which attended her marriage with the Poet. This lady, so celebrated in the world of song, and so justly entitled to her own high pre-eminence there, although a good-looking woman, does not seem, to judge of her by any pictures we now possess, to have been what men commonly call beautiful. But she was elegant, sprightly, piquant, and fascinating. She has been celebrated by her husband in at least sixteen different effusions, songs or poems, and possibly in some others. The entire list we need not now specify; but some of these—such as ‘Of a’ the Airts the Wind can Blaw,’ ‘O were I on Parnassus Hill,’ ‘I’ll aye ca’ in by yon town,’ &c., are unquestionably among the very finest lyrical compositions extant in any language. Yet it is remarkable that among the various epithets of admiration or endearment by which she is distinguished throughout, the distinctive appellation of ‘Bonie Jean,’ by

* We quote from Register in the Poet's Family Bible. The date is elsewhere given as 1765; and it seems to have been so entered in the Register, as the reader may observe by consulting the fac-simile; but the figure 5, or whatever other figure it might be, has been erased, apparently after some discussion or inquiry on the subject, and the figure 7 distinctly subjoined. Mrs. Burns, therefore, must have been two years younger than is commonly supposed.

which the world almost invariably now recognises her, does not occur once. The world, in this respect, seems to have fixed on a title for her, as it has also fixed on a likeness for her husband, neither of which is correct. Her 'bonie sel,' and her 'bonie face,' and her 'lovely form,' occur each once; and 'my bonie Jean,' which is a designation entirely different from 'Bonie Jean,' and implies the sacredness or exclusiveness of conjugal or betrothed love, occurs only in one song, 'I'll aye ca' in by yon town,' where it *repeats*, being in the last line of the chorus; and the same expression occurs also in the 'Vision,' where, however, it was substituted, on second thoughts, for 'Bess:' but all other epithets are different. She is 'dear' repeatedly, and 'dearer,' and 'doubly dear;,' and 'darling,' and 'sweet,' and 'young,' and 'artless,' and 'tempting,' and most frequently of all, as it became a man sincerely and truly in love to call her—'*My Jean.*' This very title, indeed, he even gives her expressly in prose, when referring to his marriage, in his letter to Dr. Moore, as the title which really appertained to her most devoutly in his own heart; as also in the well-known lines—

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw,
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton;
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

No reason whatever for this decided preference was, or philosophically could be, assigned by him. Burns's love for, and attachment to, his wife, therefore, seems to have originated in some peculiar attractions, or combination of attractions, in herself—which he could not, any more than other true lovers, if called upon, have specified—but by which, and not by the mere external aspect of countenance called beautiful, he was fascinated and enthralled."—WADDELL.

The exact period when the Poet's future wife, Jean Armour, first attracted his attention cannot be exactly ascertained. We believe from a study of all references that it was sometime in the spring or summer of 1784 that they first met. She was then entering on her eighteenth year. On the information of Jean herself, Chambers records that on the night of Mauchline Races it was customary for the young men, with little cere-

mony, to invite agreeable girls, whom they might then fall in with, to join them in a "penny dance." Burns and Jean happened to meet in the same dance, but not as partners, when some confusion and merriment was caused by the poet's collie dog (probably Luath) tracking his footsteps through the hall. He was heard to remark to his partner that "he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did." A few weeks after that Jean happened to be bleaching clothes at the public green, when Burns passed with his dog, and she archly asked him the question—"Have ye fa'n in wi' a lass yet to like you as weel as your dog?" From that moment their intimacy commenced. Her father's house was situated in close proximity to the Whitefoord Arms Inn, where the poet had frequent occasion to attend, as president of the Bachelor's Club, described in Vol. I., p. 156, so that flirtation was rendered easy.*

Old Armour seems not to have had a favorable idea

* We have been favored by Mr. Moore, the venerable Editor of the *Lowell Morning Times*, with an account of the first meeting between Jean Armour and the poet, derived from Jean's sister. The account is quite in harmony with that given in the text. When clothes are being bleached they are subjected to many besprinklings from the watering-can, and this implies many journeys to the place where the "stoups" are filled. We give the narrative in Mr. Moore's own words.

"When a mere boy—which was over sixty years ago—I was a temporary resident in Mauchline, Ayrshire, and had the benefit of many motherly attentions from Mrs. Nelly Brown, who was a sister of Jean Armour, the wife of Robert Burns, of which kindnesses I have grateful memory. One day I met Mrs. Brown at the junction of the road leading towards Barskimming and the Main street of Mauchline leading towards Ayr, and had a conversation with her concerning a local family matter of a pleasant character. During our confab I asked her how Burns and her sister, Jean, became first acquainted, and her reply was this :—

"'D'ye see Tam McClellan's spout over the gate there? Weel, it was juist there whaur Rab an' Jean first foregather't. Her an' me had gaen there for a gang o' water, an' I had fill't my cans first, an' come ower here juist whaur you an' me's stan'in. When Jean was fillin' her stoups Rab Burns cam' up, an' began some nonsense or ither wi' her, an' they talked and leuch sae lang that it made me juist mad: to think, tae, that she should ha'e a word to say wi' sic a lowse character as Rab Burns. When she at last cam' ower I gied her a guid hecklin, throwth. Said I: "Jean, ye ocht to think black-burnin' shame o' yersel." Before bein' seen daffin wi' Rab Burns, woman, I would far rather been seen speakin' to a sodger." That was the beginning o' the unfortunate acquaintance."—G.

of Burns from the outset. Undoubtedly, by this time, the poet's amorous disposition was known in the neighborhood, for he was already the father of an illegitimate child, "His dear-bought Bess." In addition to this, Armour knew well enough that matters were not in a prosperous condition at Mossiel. The harvest of 1785 was cold and late, and owing to the wretched weather half the crop was lost. Even before the result of Jean's intercourse with Burns became evident, his brother Gilbert tells us, that he and Robert were contemplating abandoning the lease of the farm:—

"When, therefore, the result of the connection between Jean and my brother *could no longer be concealed*, Robert durst not engage with his family in his poor unsettled state, but was anxious to shield his partner, by every means in his power, from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed therefore between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage; that he should go to Jamaica to push his fortune; and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power.

"Mrs. Burns was a great favorite of her father's. The intimation of a marriage was the first suggestion he received of her real situation. He was in the greatest distress, and fainted away. The marriage did not appear to him to make the matter better. A husband in Jamaica appeared to him and his wife little better than none, and an effectual bar to any other prospects of a settlement in life that their daughter might have. They therefore expressed a wish to her, that the written papers which respected the marriage should be cancelled, and thus the marriage rendered void. In her melancholy state, she felt the deepest remorse at having brought such heavy affliction on parents that loved her so tenderly, and submitted to their entreaties. Their wish was mentioned to Robert. He felt the deepest anguish of mind. He offered to stay at home, and provide for his wife and family in the best manner that his daily labors could provide for them, that being the only means in his power. Even this offer they did not approve of; for humble as Miss Armour's station was, and great though her imprudence had been, she still, in the eyes of her partial parents, might look to a better connexion than that with

my friendless and unhappy brother, at that time without house or biding place."

It is curious to speculate at this point, how differently matters might have shaped themselves had Jean's "misfortune" been delayed a few months, say until after the publication of his *Kilmarnock* edition. As it was, Armour determined to prosecute Burns in legal form, and we learn from a letter from Burns to Mr. Ballantine of Ayr, that action had been taken against him by placing the matter in the hands of Mr. Aiken, writer, Ayr.

In his letter to Richmond from Old Rome, where he was in hiding, dated 30th July, 1786, Burns says, "Would you believe it, Armour has got a warrant to throw me into jail until I find security for an enormous sum." The condition of the poet's mind at this period will be better illustrated by a quotation from a letter to David Brice, June 12th, 1786: "What poor, ill-advised Jean thinks of her conduct, I do not know. She has made me completely miserable. Never man loved, or rather adored a woman more than I did her, and to confess the truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all. I foresee she is on the road, I fear, to eternal ruin. May Almighty God forgive her injustice and perjury to me."

The complexion of the pieces produced at this time, as "Song Composed in Spring," the "Odes to Ruin and Despondency," "The Lament," and even "The Mountain Daisy," is a sufficient index of his mental condition. It has indeed been remarked that had Burns not had the resource of rhyme at this time, and the wholesome diversion of preparing his poems for the press and seeing them through, it is not improbable he might have ended in a mad-house.

Leaving Jean Armour for the present, we will now relate the story of Highland Mary, availing ourselves of Robert Chambers's version of that episode.

HIGHLAND MARY.

“The heart of man is full of mystery. Sometimes when it appears most keenly set upon one passion, it is at the nearest point to turning into some wholly different channel. Its reactions from wounded affection are amongst its most surprising transitions. Burns had been cast off by the Armours in what he felt as a most shameful way—divorced on account of poverty. In this moment of wounded pride he recalled the image of an amiable girl in the service of his friend Hamilton, a sweet, sprightly, blue-eyed creature, of a firmer modesty and self-respect than too many of the other maidens he had addressed. Mary Campbell was of Highland parentage, from the neighborhood of Dunoon, on the Firth of Clyde. Her father was a sailor in a revenue-cutter, the station of which being at Campbellton, in Kintyre, his family now resided there. We may presume that the young woman was somewhat superior in cast of mind, manners, and intelligence to her situation, as it is ascertained that she had spent some of her youthful years in the family of the Rev. David Campbell of Loch Ranza, in Arran, a relation of her mother. She had afterwards been induced by another relative, a Mrs. Isabella Campbell, who was housekeeper to a family in Ayrshire, to come to that county and take a situation as servant. There is some obscurity about the situations and movements of Mary: it is quite certain that she was at one time dairy-maid at Coilsfield, and the surviving children of Mr. Hamilton are probably right in thinking that she was nurse-maid to their deceased brother Alexander, who was born in July 1785, and that she saw him through some of the early stages of infancy before leaving their house. As a stranger serving only for a short time in the village, she has been little remembered there. Mrs. Begg recollects no sort of reference to her at Mossiel, except from the poet himself, when he told John Blane one day that ‘Mary had refused to meet him in the old castle’—the dismantled tower of the priory near Mr. Hamilton’s house.

“Thrown off and heart-wrung as he was by Jean, it was natural enough that he should revert to Mary Campbell. On the eve of a voyage to the West Indies in a humble capacity, it was not desirable that he should unite himself with any woman, however dear; but his soul rushed to a compensation for the desertion of Armour; prudential considerations, as usual with him where affairs of the heart were concerned, formed little or no impediment—he betook himself to Mary, and found

her willing to be his for life, notwithstanding all that had passed with Jean. Such, at least is the view we take of the circumstances, from all that has transpired.

"It was agreed that Mary should give up her place, and go home for a short time to her friends in the Highlands, in order to arrange matters for her union with the poet. But before going—on the second Sunday of May, the 14th of the month—Mary and Burns had a farewell meeting in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr. The day and the place are indicated by himself. It is probable that the lovers did not confine themselves to the banks of the Ayr, but digressed into the minor valley of the Faile, where the woods of Coilsfield compose many beautiful scenes. However this may be, Mr. Cromek tells that 'their adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to impose awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook—they laved their hands in the limpid stream—and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other.' Mary presented to her lover a plain small Bible in one volume. Burns returned the compliment with a more elegant one in two volumes. The whole ceremony speaks of such an extreme anxiety for the constancy of his new mistress, as might be expected of one who had just suffered from the perjury of another. The volumes given to Mary chanced to be preserved. On a blank-leaf in one of them is inscribed, in Burns's handwriting, 'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.'—Levit. xix. 12. On the second volume: 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths.'—Matth. v. 33. And on a blank-leaf his name had been inscribed, together with his *mason-mark*. The lovers parted never to meet again. (See Vol. I, p. 293.)

"Mary, we are to presume from the narration of the poet, had proceeded, immediately after their parting, to Campbelton, where her parents then resided. She had spent the summer there; but there is no evidence that she had taken any steps in arranging matters for a union with Burns, although it is believed that she received letters from him. After having spent the summer at home, she agreed, at the recommendation of her former patroness, Mrs. Isabella Campbell, to accept a new situation for the term beginning at Martinmas, in the family of a Colonel M'Ivor in Glasgow.

"A cousin of Mary's mother was the wife of one Peter Macpherson, a ship carpenter at Greenock. It being deter-

mined that her younger brother Robert should be entered with Macpherson as an apprentice, her father came to Greenock to make the proper arrangements, and Mary accompanied him, professedly on her way to Glasgow for the purpose of entering on her service with Colonel M'Ivor, but secretly perhaps with the further design of taking a final farewell of Burns when he should depart for the West Indies ; for Burns has expressly said that she crossed the sea (the Firth of Clyde) to meet him. There was what is called a '*brothering-feast*' at Macpherson's, on Robert Campbell being admitted to the craft, and Mary gave her assistance in serving the company. Next morning the boy Robert was so indisposed as to be unable to go to his work. When Macpherson came home to breakfast, he asked what had detained him from the yard, and was told that the young man was very poorly. Mary jocularly observed that he had probably taken a little too much after supper last night, and Macpherson, to keep up the badinage, said : ' Oh, then, it is as well, in case of the worst, that I have agreed to purchase the lair in the kirk-yard ; ' referring to a place of sepulture which he had just secured for his family—a very important matter in Greenock, as there was then no resting-place for the remains of those who did not possess such property, except the corner assigned to strangers and paupers, or a grave obtained by favor from a friend.

"The young man's illness proved more serious than was at first supposed, and Mary attended him with great tenderness and assiduity. In a few days Robert began to recover, but at the same time Mary drooped, and became seriously unwell. Her friends believed that she suffered from the cast of an evil eye, and recommended her father to go to a cross-burn—that is, a place where two burns meet—and select seven smooth stones from the channel, boil them with new milk for a certain time, and then give her the milk to drink. It must be remembered that these were Highland people, and that the Highlanders are to this day full of superstitious notions. The drink was duly prepared, as had been recommended, and given to Mary ; but her illness was soon declared to be a fever, of a malignant species, then prevalent in the town, and in a few days the poor girl died. She was buried in the lair which her relative had so recently bought, being the first of the family who was placed in it."

It is much to be regretted that we have no such exact details of the poet's courtship of Mary as we

have regarding his intercourse with Jean Armour. Strangely enough her name does not occur once in all his correspondence ; yet it is clear enough that mid all the whirl of excitement caused by Jean's desertion and her father's prosecution—"doubling and dodging," as he himself expresses it, "to evade the merciless pack of the law,"—and amid all the throes and cares of authorship, he found time and opportunity to court, and win the heart of, this simple maid. Gilfillan tells that she is said not to have been personally graceful or feminine, but very sweet and artless. What the poet's exact plan for the future in regard to Mary was, it is not easy to determine, and it is equally hard to conjecture what her own project was. Burns made no secret of his Jamaica scheme in the songs he at this time addressed her.

"O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand ;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand."
* * * * * *

Here it seems proper to intimate that the early editors of Burns were very much at sea regarding the exact date of this love episode.

Mr. W. Scott Douglas says :—"Highland Mary completely *stumbled* me, I tried every year in rotation from his time of puberty down to the said year, 1786, but in none of them could I get her to fit, and I found the table would do very well if I left her out altogether. The events of his early life I found scattered in confusion like a child's puzzle-map, and as piece after piece was joined to its proper place, I ever found, when the whole was united, that Mary was left out ! Poor wandering spirit ! like Noah's dove 'there was found no rest for the sole of her foot,' and yet I could not, like Noah, reach forth my hand and take her in. I began in truth to doubt her reality ; the nursery-rhyme occurred to me—

'And she grew, and she grew to a milk-white doo,
And she flew, and she flew to the lift sae blue,'

and there in the lift I left her—Mary in Heaven ! The earth disowned her !"

In all the biographies of the Poet till within the last forty years, it is more or less assumed that "Highland Mary" was one of his earliest heroines. Cromek, indeed, who was the first to reveal her surname—Campbell—expressly says she was "the first object of the youthful poet's love." It was no doubt Burns himself who (probably with the view of saving his wife's feelings) misled his readers in regard to the date. When he sent the thrilling dirge—"To Mary in Heaven"—to Thomson in November, 1792, he thus writes, truly enough :—"The subject is one of the most interesting of my youthful days ;" but there is more dubiety in his words when he tendered to the same gentleman the song "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary." "In *my very early years*," he says, "when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl." Finally, in his note to the song "My Highland Lassie, O," in Glenriddell's interleaved copy of the *Museum*, we are startled by these words :—"This is a composition of mine in *very early* life before I was known at all in the world."

Dr. Currie does not expressly state the precise period of Burns's life, when this, the tenderest of his love attachments, intervened, nor indeed was it till 1850, that the question of its date received a fairly satisfactory solution, and one that subsequent editors have accepted. At a meeting of the Edinburgh Antiquarian Society in that year a paper was read by Mr. R. S. Douglas, to whose edition of Burns's Works we are so largely indebted, in which he treated this question at large and fixed on the spring of 1786 as the date of this episode, and the second Sabbath of May (the 14th) as the day of their parting. Since then, the question has been handled by others, especially by Robert Chambers, and it may be regarded as definitely settled. It may not be uninteresting to note some points con-

firmatory of this conclusion. (1) We find no trace whatever of Burns having had any design of leaving Scotland and going to the West Indies till the misfortunes of this spring (dire poverty at home and persecution by the Armours) drove him to despair. (2) The Songs "Will you go to the Indies, My Mary?" and "My Highland Lassie, O!" have no meaning except in connection with this purpose. (3) Chambers tells us, on the authority of surviving children of Gavin Hamilton, that Mary Campbell was nursemaid to their brother Alexander, born in July, 1785. At the Martinmas term of that year, that is, about the middle of November, Mary left Gavin Hamilton's service, and went to serve as dairymaid at Coilsfield House. The second Sunday of May, when Burns and she met for the last time, must, therefore, have been in 1786. (4) It has been well established that Mary Campbell died at Greenock of a malignant fever that was raging in that town, at the time she was making a temporary sojourn in it on her way towards Glasgow; and it is equally well-established that the year of this "awfu' fever" was 1786. (5) Mary was interred in a "lair" or burial lot in the churchyard of Greenock, belonging to the relative (Peter Macpherson, ship-carpenter) in whose house she died. The Register of "lair" for the burgh of Greenock, proves that this "lair" was transferred to Peter Macpherson on October 12th, 1786. There is subsidiary evidence, such as the word "Moss-giel" which can be easily traced on the fly-leaf of the Bible presented by Burns to Mary,* tending to corroborate this view, but as it is now adopted by every competent judge, so far as we know, we do not adduce them. Any one of the above reasons seems to be conclusive. It may be mentioned that Robert Chambers and Professor Wilson, though more or less com-

* See Vol. I., pp. 292, 293.

mitted by their previous writings, to an opposite view, have both declared their concurrence in the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Douglas, the former gentleman indeed contributing some of the weightiest arguments in support of it. Most important of all, he states that on the question being fairly submitted to the poet's sister, Mrs. Begg, she acknowledged the correctness of the conclusions arrived at from the above *data*, and added that the facts *had been all along known to the family*. In the face of facts such as those stated above, no argument of value can be drawn from Burns's having afterwards spoken of the attachment as being in "his very early years." If, as we have already suggested, this statement was made with the view of sparing his wife's feelings, most persons will be willing to regard the error as a very venial one.

Having thus exhibited the evidence in which this most interesting episode is fixed as occurring in the Spring of 1786, we turn now to another question which we have not hitherto seen treated: viz., what was the duration of the poet's loving relation to Mary? That he was acquainted with her from the time she came to serve in the family of his friend Gavin Hamilton, there can be no rational doubt. Some even affirm that he paid her attention when she resided in that gentleman's family, but was repulsed or coldly met on account of his well-known relationship to Jean Armour. It was after she had left Mauchline and had gone to reside at Coilsfield on the banks of the Faile, that Burns, seeking consolation and compensation for the loss of Jean, and actuated, we cannot but suspect, somewhat by a desire for revenge, really made love to her. The commencement of this renewed intercourse with, and only real courtship of, Mary may reasonably be fixed at the date when Jean's condition became known to her parents and the Poet was spurned from

their house. Unfortunately no date is attached to the fragment of a letter addressed to Smith (Vol. 1, p. 383), acknowledging that the Poet himself was then aware of Jean's condition and had given her a written acknowledgment of marriage. We find from a letter to Mr. Ballantine, Ayr, of date 14th May, 1786 (Vol. 1, p. 386), that on the preceding day—the 13th—Mr. Armour had employed Mr. Aiken, writer, Ayr, to take legal proceedings against the Poet. Waddell states that the rupture with Jean Armour, and what he calls the dissolution of the marriage, took place in March. Assuming this to be the case, we come to the conclusion that the courtship of Mary lasted at longest not more than two months, probably not quite so long. But Burns was a man of strong passions and fiery impulses, and was likely resolved to bring matters to a climax. After, therefore, what he naïvely calls "a pretty long tract of reciprocal attachment," he offered himself to the Coilsfield dairymaid and was accepted.

One other point which has been little noticed—or rather never, so far as we have seen—deserves attention here. Did Burns deceive Mary, in regard to his relation to Jean Armour? We think he could not have done so had he been willing. Mary had lived in Mauchline, a village then of some five hundred inhabitants. Burns was the person who attracted most attention in all the neighborhood. His connection with Jean Armour was matter of notoriety. In his "Epistle to Davie" (Vol. 1, p. 86), dated so far back as January, 1785, he says:—

"Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I, my darling Jean . . .
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with and greet with
My Davie and my Jean."

Nay, even earlier than this he tells us in the "Belles o' Mauchline" that

"Armour's the jewel for me of them a'."

The first rencontre with Jean is thus fixed for the summer of 1784 (Vol. I, p. 72. Note to "The Mauchline Lady".) All the village knew of the bard's connection with Jean Armour, its consequences, and the rupture. Even at Coilsfield, Mary was within an hour's walk of Mauchline and Mossgiel; and in country districts, gossip—especially love-gossip—travels fast. Mary Campbell, therefore, could hardly help but know Burns's reasons for reverting to her. We therefore conclude that she must have accepted him with her eyes open; and on the second Sabbath of May (May 14th), 1786, was enacted the solemn scene of betrothal. And here we cannot but intercalate one reflection. Scarcely could a poorer couple than these two that stood on this Sabbath afternoon on the opposite banks of the rivulet, to plight their faith, be found on all the earth's wide round. Yet what pompous ceremonial of betrothment between personages of royal, or imperial, rank can vie with this simple ceremony in engrossing the interest of the world? Celebrated and embalmed by genius, it is not only world-wide, but it is immortal.

Mrs. Jameson in her "Loves of the Poets" says:—"Mary Campbell was a poor peasant girl whose life had been spent in servile offices, who walked probably barefoot to that meeting on the Banks of the Ayr, which her lover has recorded. But Mary Campbell will live to memory while the music and language of her country endure. Helen of Greece, and Queen Dido of Carthage are not more surely immortalized than this plebeian girl. The scene of parting love on the banks of the Ayr, that spot where 'the golden hours on angel wings' hovered over Burns and his Mary, is classic ground, and like the copy of Virgil in which Petrarch noted down the death of Laura, which many have made a pilgrimage to look upon, even

such a relic shall be the Bible of Highland Mary, and many shall gaze, with glistening eyes, on the handwriting of him—who, by the mere power of truth and passion, shall live in all hearts to the end of time.”

Professor Wilson, in his celebrated essay on Burns thus speaks of the parting of the lovers: “Many such partings have there been between us poor beings—blind at all times, and often blindest in our bliss—but all gone to oblivion. But that scene can never die! That scene will live forever. Immortal the two shadows standing there holding together the Bible, a little rivulet flowing between, in which, as in consecrated water, they have dipt their hands—water not purer than, at this moment, their united hearts.” “The scene” to quote from an eloquent article by Dr. Carruthers, “sheds an indescribable charm over our poetical history and over the present life of Scotland: it falls on the heart like Sabbath sunshine which hallowed the woods, the stream, the parting hour; and, for once, we see genius, virtue, and beauty in perfect union, irradiated with light from heaven.”

[We now resume publication of the Poet's Correspondence, inserting, however, the following letter to an anonymous Ayrshire lady, somewhat in advance of its presumed date, as exhibiting the state of Burns's heart after being renounced by Jean Armour. We are inclined to believe that this letter was addressed to Miss Peggy Chalmers, but of course this is matter of conjecture.—J. H.]

(¹) TO MISS ———, AYRSHIRE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

MY DEAR COUNTRYWOMAN: I am so impatient to show you that I am once more at peace with you, that I send you the book I mentioned, directly, rather than wait the uncertain time of my seeing you. I am afraid I have mislaid or lost Collins's Poems, which I promised to Miss Irvin. If I can find them, I will forward them by you; if not, you must apologize for me.

I know you will laugh at it when I tell you that your piano and you together have played the deuce somehow about my heart. My breast has been widowed these many months,* and I thought myself proof against the fascinating witchcraft, but I am afraid you will "feelingly convince me what I am," I say I am afraid, because I am not sure what is the matter with me. I have one miserable bad symptom; when you whisper, or look kindly to another, it gives me a draught of damnation. I have a kind of wayward wish to be ten minutes by yourself, though what I would say, Heaven above knows, for I am sure I know not. I have no formed design in all this; but just in the nakedness of my heart, write you down a mere matter-of-fact story. You may perhaps give yourself airs of distance on this, and that will completely cure me; but I wish you would not: just let us meet, if you please, in the old beaten way of friendship.†

I will not subscribe myself your humble servant, for that is a phrase I think, at least fifty miles off from the heart; but I will conclude with sincerely wishing that the Great Protector of innocence may shield you from the barbed dart of Calumny, and hand you by the covert snare of deceit.

R. B.‡

(²) TO MR. DAVID BRICE, SHOEMAKER,
GLASGOW.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

MOSSGIEL, *July 1786.*

I HAVE been so throng (busy) printing my Poems, that I could scarcely find as much time as to write to

* This expression may refer to the fact, before noticed, that he had relinquished his courtship of Peggy Thomson. On the other hand, if we are to assume a later date, we may probably infer that "Peggy Chaimers" was the lady thus addressed, in 1787.

† This expression—"the beaten way of friendship" occurs in the poet's letter to his cousin, 25th Sept. 1786, and also in a letter to "Clarinda."

‡ The reader can hardly fail to be struck with the similarity of style between the conclusion of this letter and the close of that addressed to Miss Kennedy.

you. Poor Armour is come back again to Mauchline, and I went to call for her, and her mother forbade me the house, nor did she herself express much sorrow for what she has done. I have already appeared publicly in church, and was indulged in the liberty of standing in my own seat. I do this to get a certificate as a bachelor, which Mr. Auld has promised me. I am now fixed to go for the West Indies in October. Jean and her friends insisted much that she should stand along with me in the kirk, but the minister would not allow it, which bred a great trouble I assure you, and I am blamed as the cause of it, though I am sure I am innocent; but I am very much pleased, for all that, not to have had her company. I have no news to tell you that I remember. I am really happy to hear of your welfare, and that you are so well in Glasgow. I must certainly see you before I leave the country. I shall expect to hear from you soon, and am, dear Brice, yours,

ROBT. BURNS.

The following deed of assignment, made by the poet in view of going to the West Indies, in favor of his brother Gilbert, of all his earthly possessions, including "the profits that may arise from the publications of my Poems presently in the press," tells its own tale. His fatherly care for the welfare of his former illegitimate child—"Wee image of my bonie Betty," in contrast to his contemptuous disregard of Jean's forthcoming blossom, must have been intended as a severe cut to the Armours.

KNOW all men by these presents, that I, Robert Burns in Mossgiel: whereas I intend to leave Scotland and go abroad, and having acknowledged myself the father of a child named Elizabeth, begot upon Elizabeth Paton in Largieside: and whereas Gilbert Burns in Mossgiel, my brother, has become bound, and hereby binds and obliges himself to aliment, clothe, and educate my said natural child in a suitable manner as if she was his own, in case her Mother chuse to part

with her, and that until she arrive at the age of fifteen years. Therefore, and to enable the said Gilbert Burns to make good his said engagement, wit ye me to have assigned, dispoed, conveyed, and made over to, and in favors of, the said Gilbert Burns, his Heirs, Executors, and Assignees, who are always to be bound in like manner with himself, all and sundry Goods, Gear, Corns, Cattle, Horses, Nolt, Sheep, Household furniture, and all other movable effects of whatever kind that I shall leave behind me on my departure from the kingdom, after allowing for my part of the conjunct debts due by the said Gilbert Burns and me as joint tacksmen of the farm of Mossgiel. And particularly, without prejudice of the foresaid generality, the profits that may arise from the publication of my Poems presently in the press—And also, I hereby dispoone and convey to him in trust for behoof of my said natural daughter, the Copyright of said Poems, in so far as I can dispose of the same by law, after she arrives at the above age of fifteen years complete—Surrogating and Substituting the said Gilbert Burns, my brother, and his foresaids, in my full right, title, room, and place of the whole premises, with power to him to intromit with, and dispose upon the same at pleasure, and in general to do every other thing in the premises that I could have done myself before granting hereof, but always with and under the conditions before expressed—and I oblige myself to warrant this disposition and assignation from my own proper fact and deed allenarly—Consenting to the Registration hereof in the Books of Council and Session, or any other Judges Books competent, therein to remain for preservation, and constitute . . . Procutars, &c.

In witness whereof I have wrote and signed these presents, consisting of this and the preceeding page, on stamped paper, with my own hand, at Mossgiel,

the twenty-second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six years.

ROBERT BURNS.*

(³) TO JOHN RICHMOND, EDINBURGH.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

OLD ROME FOREST,† 30th July, 1786.

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—My hour is now come—you and I will never meet in Britain more. I have orders, within three weeks at farthest, to repair aboard the *Nancy*, Captain Smith, from Clyde to Jamaica, and to call at Antigua. This, except to our friend Smith, whom God long preserve, is a secret about Mauchline. Would you believe it? Armour has got a warrant to throw me in jail till I find security for an enormous sum. This they keep an entire secret, but I got it by a channel they little dream of; and I am wandering from one friend's house to another, and, like a true son of the gospel, "have no where to lay my head." I know you will pour an execration on her head, but spare the poor, ill-advised girl, for my sake; though, may all the furies that rend the injured, enraged lover's bosom, await her mother until her latest hour! I write in a moment of rage, reflecting on my miserable situation—exiled, abandoned, forlorn. I can write no more—let me hear from you by the return of coach. I will write you ere I go,—I am, dear Sir, yours here and hereafter, R. B.

* This document is here printed *verbatim et litteratim* from a well executed facsimile of the original MS. Cunningham was the first to include it in an edition of the Poet's Works. Legal intimation of the assignment was duly made on 24th July, by William Chalmers, N.P., at the Market Cross of Ayr.

† "Old Rome Forest" is in the neighborhood of Kilmarnock, at which place resided a relative of the poet, and who took charge of his travelling chest. This explains the passage in the Autobiography:—"My chest was on the road to Greenock."

The day after the preceding letter was penned, John Wilson, Printer in Kilmarnock, began to issue subscription copies of the precious volume of *Scottish Poems*, which his press had been honored to print. We gather the following interesting particulars concerning the distribution of that eagerly longed-for Book, from the careful printer's own memoranda, now or lately in the possession of Robert Cole, Esq., London.

On 31st July 1786, one copy was delivered to Mr. Aiken of Ayr: on 5th August he received 12 copies: on 10th August, 20 copies: on 12th August, 40 copies: on 14th August, 36 copies; and on 16th August, 36 copies—in all 145 copies, being nearly one fourth of the whole impression.*

On 2nd August, Mr. Robert Muir of Kilmarnock obtained two copies; and between that and 17th August, he received 70 more. In referring to that circumstance, Mr. Gilbert Burns made the mistake of setting down the name of Mr. Wm. Parker, for that of Robert Muir.

On 4th August, Mr. James Smith of Mauchline received one copy; and on the 8th of that month he obtained 40 more. On 18th August, 40 copies were delivered to Mr. Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. Burns himself, on three several occasions, obtained one copy; namely on 3rd, 4th and 5th of August. Gilbert Burns obtained 70 copies for distribution during August; and a like number was distributed by John Wilson, the printer of the volume.

Besides copies supplied to William Parker, Thomas Samson, Ralph Sellars, and John Rankine of Adamhill, the following persons obtained the number of copies attached to their respective names:—John Kennedy, Dumfries House, 20; John Logan of Laight, 20; Mr. M'Whinnie, Writer, Ayr, 20; David Sillar, Irvine, 14; William Niven, Maybole, 7; Walter Morton, Cumnock, 6; John Neilson, Kirkoswald, 5.

On 28th August, less than a month after the volume was printed, 559 copies had been disposed of, and only 15 remained on hand. Indeed, so scarce did the volume become, that the poet's brothers and sisters at Mossgiel had not an opportunity of reading the poems in print, until they were furnished with a copy of the Edinburgh edition.

*The intelligent reader will be inclined to speculate in regard to the reason which could have induced Burns to entrust Mr. Aiken with 145 copies, amounting at 3 shillings to the, to him, considerable sum of £21, 15, since Mr. A. as agent for the Armours in their case against the poet, could have impounded the whole amount. We believe the reason to have been that Burns relied implicitly on the gentleman's honor.—J. H.

(⁴) TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY, DUMFRIES
HOUSE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

KILMARNOCK, *August*, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your truly facetious epistle of the 3rd inst. gave me much entertainment. I was only sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing you as I passed your way, but we shall bring up all our leeway on Wednesday, the 16th current, when I hope to have it in my power to call on you and take a kind, very probably a last adieu, before I go for Jamaica; and I expect orders to repair to Greenock every day. I have at last made my public appearance, and am solemnly inaugurated into the numerous class. Could I have got a carrier, you should have had a score of vouchers for my Authorship; but now you have them, let them speak for themselves.

Farewell, dear Friend! may gude luck hit you,
And 'mang her favorites admit you!

If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,

May nane believe him!

And ony deil that thinks to get you,

Good Lord deceive him.

R. B.

(¹) TO JOHN LOGAN, Esq., OF LAIGHT.*

(DR. WADDELL'S ED., 1867.)

SIR,—I gratefully thank you for your kind offices in promoting my subscription, and still more for your

* This is the gentleman referred to in John Wilson's memoranda above quoted. In connexion with "The Kirk's Alarm," he is spoken of as John Logan of Knockshinnoch.

very friendly letter.—The first was doing me a favor, but the last was doing me an honor.—I am in such a bustle at present, preparing for my West-India voyage, as I expect a letter every day from the master of the vessel, to repair directly to Greenock ; that I am under a necessity to return you the subscription bills, and trouble you with the quantum of copies till called for, or otherwise transmitted to the Gentlemen who have subscribed. Mr. Bruce Campbell is already supplied with two copies, and I here send you 20 copies more.—If any of the Gentlemen are supplied from any other quarter, 'tis no matter ; the copies can be returned.

If orders from Greenock do not hinder, I intend doing myself the honor of waiting on you, Wednesday the 16th Inst.

I am much hurt, Sir, that I must trouble you with the copies ; but, circumstanced as I am, I know no other way your friends can be supplied.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your much indebted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

KILMARNOCK, 10th Aug. 1786.

(²) TO MONS. JAMES SMITH, MAUCHLINE.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

MONDAY MORNING, 14th Aug. 1786.

MY DEAR SIR,—I went to Dr. Douglas yesterday, fully resolved to take the opportunity of Captain Smith : but I found the Doctor with a Mr. and Mrs. White, both Jamaicans, and they have deranged my plans altogether. They assure him that to send me from Savannah la Mar to Port Antonio will cost my master, Charles Douglas, upwards of fifty pounds ; besides running the risk of throwing myself into a pleuritic

fever, in consequence of hard travelling in the sun.* On these accounts, he refuses sending me with Smith, but a vessel sails from Greenock the first of September, right for the place of my destination. The Captain of her is an intimate friend of Mr. Gavin Hamilton's, and as good a fellow as heart could wish ; with him I am destined to go. Where I shall shelter, I know not, but I hope to weather the storm. Perish the drop of blood of mine that fears them ! I know their worst, and am prepared to meet it :—

“I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow.”

On Thursday morning, if you can muster as much self-denial as to be out of bed about seven o'clock, I shall see you as I ride through to Cumnock. After all, Heaven bless the sex ! I feel there is still happiness for me among them :—

“O woman, lovely woman ! Heaven designed you
To temper man !—we had been brutes without you.”

R. B.

* Dr. Currie printed in the correspondence of the poet, a letter addressed to the latter by an early acquaintance, a Mr. John Hutchinson, who had gone to reside in the West Indies. It is dated “Jamaica, St. Anns, 14 June 1787,” and thus proceeds :—“I received yours wherein you acquaint me you were engaged with Mr. Douglas, Port Antonio, for three years, at Thirty pound Stk. a-year ; and am happy that some unexpected accident intervened to prevent your sailing with the vessel, as I have great reason to think Mr. Douglas's employ would by no means have answered your expectations. I received a copy of your publication, for which I return you my thanks, and it is my own opinion, as well as that of such of my friends as have seen the poems, that they are most excellent in their kind. . . . I can by no means advise you now to think of coming to the West Indies, as, I assure you, there is no encouragement for a man of learning and genius here ; and am very confident you can do far better in Great Britain than in Jamaica. . . . I will esteem it a particular favor if you will send me a copy of the other edition you are now printing.”

(¹) TO MONS. THOMAS CAMPBELL, PENCLOE.

(DR. WADDELL'S ED., 1867.)

[NEW CUMNOCK, 19th Aug. 1786.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I have met with few men in my life whom I more wished to see again than you, and Chance seems industrious to disappoint me of that pleasure. I came here yesterday fully resolved to see you and Mr. Logan, at New Cumnock; but a conjuncture of circumstances conspired against me. Having an opportunity of sending you a line, I joyfully embrace it. It is perhaps the last mark of our friendship you can receive from me on this side of the Atlantic.

Farewell! May you be happy up to the wishes of parting Friendship!

ROBERT BURNS.

MR. J. MERRY'S, *Saturday Morn.**

(¹) TO WILLIAM NIVEN, MERCH^T., MAYBOLE.

CARE OF THOMAS PIPER, SURGEON—TO BE LEFT AT
DR. CHARLES'S SHOP, AYR.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been very throng (busy) ever since I saw you, and have not got the whole of my promise performed to you; but you know the old proverb, "The break o' a day's no the break o' a bargain." Have patience and I will pay you all.

* The wife of this landlord at New Cumnock was Anne Rankine, a daughter of the waggish farmer at Adamhill. She long survived her husband, and used to sing to her customers Burns's song, "The Rigs o' barley," with an overpowering pipe, and quietly hint that she herself was the "Annie" of the song.

I thank you with the most heartfelt sincerity for the worthy knot of lads you introduced me to. Never did I meet with so many congenial souls together, without one dissonant jar in the concert. To all and each of them make my friendly compliments, particularly "Spunkie youth, Tammie,"* Remember me in the most respectful manner to the Bailie, and Mrs. Niven,† to Mr. Dun,‡ and the two truly worthy old gentlemen I had the honor of being introduced to on Friday; tho' I am afraid the conduct you forced me on may make them see me in a light I would fondly think I do not deserve.

I will perform the next of my promise soon; in the meantime, remember this—never blaze my Songs among the million, as I would abhor to hear every prentice mouthing my poor performances in the streets. Every one of my Maybole friends is welcome to a copy if they chuse; but I don't wish them to go farther. I mean it as a small token of my respect for them—a respect as sincere as the love of dying saints.—I am ever, my d^r. W^m., your obliged.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, 30th August, 1786.

The foregoing very interesting letter we believe still exists in a very dilapidated condition: it was printed—as an appendix to a small pamphlet of twenty-four pages, entitled "The real Souter Johnny," published at Maybole in 1834. Friday the 28th of August was the day on which Burns had the jovial meeting with the Carrick friends referred to in the letter. He was then on his return home from a southward journey collecting the subscription money due by the subscribers to his volume. On Thursday, 17th August (as we learn from the above letter to Smith), he was to be in Mauchline at early morn, as he "rode through to Cumnock"—a day

* "Spunkie Tammie," Alias Thomas Piper, was a young professional assistant of the late Hugh Logan, M.D., long the only medical practitioner in Maybole and neighborhood. "Spunkie" went afterwards to Jamaica where he died.

† The "Bailie and Mrs. Niven" were the parents of his correspondent.

‡ Mr. Dun was the then parochial teacher of Maybole.

later than he had anticipated in his letter to John Kennedy.— Leaving Cumnock on the 19th he seems to have made a circuit in the seaward direction, and tarried for some days in the locality of his maternal relatives. One special copy of his book he brought with him carefully inscribed to his old sweetheart, “Kirkoswald Peggy,” now the wife of his own early acquaintance, John Neilson. That Inscription, with a relative note in Burns’s autograph, is thus carefully engrossed in the Glenriddell volume of MS. poems:—“Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the first Edition of my Poems, which I presented to an Old Sweetheart, then married.

Once fondly loved and still remember’d dear, &c.
(See p. 15, *supra*.)

’Twas the girl I mentioned in my letter to Dr. Moore, where I speak of taking the sun’s altitude. Poor Peggy! Her husband is my old acquaintance and a most worthy fellow. When I was taking leave of my Carrick relations, intending to go to the West Indies, when I took farewell of her, neither she nor I could speak a syllable. Her husband escorted me three miles on my road, and we both parted with tears.”

Chambers gives the following particulars regarding the poet’s halt at Maybole on this occasion, which are not inconsistent with the contents of his letter to Niven. It is clear, however, that Burns performed this pretty extensive journey on a good horse; and it is more than likely that his saddlebags were well filled with copies of his volume for distribution in out-of-the-way localities. All this renders the idea of Chambers, that most of the journey was performed on foot, more than dubious. Nevertheless we quote his interesting account:—“In the course of his rounds Burns came to Maybole, where his Kirkoswald friend, Willie Niven, had been doing what he could for the sale of his book. The bard was in the highest spirits, for, as he acknowledged, he had never before been in possession of so much ready cash. Willie assembled a few choice spirits at the King’s Arms to do honor to the bard; and they spent a night together, Burns being, as usual, the life and soul of the party. He had, as we know, heavy griefs hanging at his heart; but amongst genial men, over a glass of Scotch drink, no pain could long molest him. Comic verses flashed from his mouth *al improvviso*, to the astonishment of the company, all of whom felt that a paragon of mirthful genius had come before them.

"In the pride of his heart next morning, he determined on hiring from his host a certain poor hack mare, well known along the whole road from Glasgow to Portpatrick as a beast that could now do little better than 'hoyte and hoble, and wintle like a sawmont coble.' Willie and a few others of his Maybole friends walked out of town before him, for the purpose of taking leave at a particular spot; and before he came up, they had, by way of keeping up the style of the preceding evening, prepared a few mock heroics in which to bid him speed on his journey. Burns received their salute with a subdued merriment; and when their spokesman had done, broke out with—'What need of all this fine parade of verse, my friends? It would have been quite enough if you had said just this—

' Here comes Burns on his Rosinante;
She's d——d poor, but he's d——d canty !'

And then he went on his way."

The reader, of course, will understand that the "Willie Niven" of Chambers's anecdote was the individual to whom the poet's letter of 30th August, above given, is addressed. Ever since the memorable summer spent at Kirkoswald in 1775, Burns and he had been friends and occasional correspondents, and when Niven commenced business in Maybole, it is said that our poet addressed to him a poetical *memento* giving appropriate advice, headed with the motto from Blair's Grave.

" Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life and solder of society."

Unfortunately, none of those early letters of Burns, nor the alleged poem have been produced; but Niven, who by steady application to trade, eventually realized a handsome fortune, and became a landed proprietor, maintained to his dying day that when he first inspected Burns's Kilmarnock volume, he was so mortified to find, in the "Epistle to a young friend," inscribed to Andrew Aiken, merely a slightly altered version of the one which had been addressed to himself a year or two previously, that he resolved thenceforth to have nothing more to say to such a weathercock friend. How much of truth may be in this allegation it is impossible to determine; but if true, Niven was absurdly intolerant and exacting. Dr. Waddell, who seems to have personally known the successful trader in his old age, says on this point :—"The gentleman doubtless had confidence enough to claim any sort of moral or social rela-

tionship to Burns that would exalt himself; but how he could ever be the bosom-friend of such a man, or entitled to the honor of an endearing epistle from him, is to us incomprehensible, except on the principle of some involuntary assimilation of antipathies." *

THE "THIRD OF LIBRA," AND ITS RESULTS.

An event was about to happen in Mauchline, which had the effect of considerably allaying the tempest in the poet's mind that manifested itself in his letters to John Richmond and to James Smith, above given. On Sunday the 3rd of September 1786, Burns made his way to the forenoon service in Mauchline church, but first called, on his road thither, upon his friend Gavin Hamilton, who asked the poet to bring him a poetical note of the sermon.

In the absence of Mr. Auld, the pulpit was supplied on that occasion by the Rev. James Steven, afterwards preacher to a Scotch congregation in London, and ultimately minister of Kilwinning parish. Burns returned to Mr. Hamilton's house after the service, where he found Mr. Mackenzie, surgeon, in attendance. He produced four stanzas of his now well-known poem, called "The Calf," which he read to his two friends, and Mr. Mackenzie having begged a copy of the lines, the author promised to forward them to him in the evening, which promise he more than performed, accompanied with the following note :—

JOHN MACKENZIE, ESQ., SURGEON, MAUCHLINE.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

D^R. SIR,—I am afraid the foregoing scrawl will be scarce intelligible.

* See the "Life and Works of Robert Burns, by P. Hately Waddell, LL.D.," 1874. He also adds that in his native district, Niven "officiated as magistrate for many years, with an assumption of importance that exposed him occasionally to not a little popular ridicule." He moreover remarks that "from a very early age, Niven seems to have manifested the prudential, money-making faculty, and therefore it is extremely unlikely that Burns would throw away so much excellent advice on an acquaintance whose own worldly sagacity so little required it."

The fourth and the last stanzas are added since I saw you to day. I am ever, Dear Sir, Yours,

8 o'clock, P. M.

ROBT. BURNS.

While the poet had been musing over "The Calf" in church, all unconscious of what was being at that moment transacted, not two hundred yards from the pew in which he sat, it now appears that at "a quarter past Noon" of that Sunday, his Jean was delivered of twin children—a boy and a girl. Chambers, on the information of Mrs. Begg, records that not until the evening, did a message arrive at Mossgiel with the intelligence. How the news affected Burns is amusingly displayed in the following note which he immediately scrawled and posted.

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finished with it. In order to avoid a fine it must
be returned by the latest date stamped below.

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